

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,
Volume XVII.

No. 1707.—March 3, 1877.

{ From Beginning,
{ Vol. CXXXII.

CONTENTS.

| | | |
|--|--|-----|
| I. MEDITERRANEAN DELTAS, | <i>Edinburgh Review</i> , | 515 |
| II. GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY. By William Black. Part III., | <i>Examiner</i> , | 534 |
| III. LIFE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT. By Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, | <i>Church Quarterly Review</i> , | 538 |
| IV. WEIMAR UNDER SCHILLER AND GOETHE, . | <i>Contemporary Review</i> , | 550 |
| V. HOW IT HAPPENED. By Narissa Rosavo, author of "Polly," | <i>Victoria Magazine</i> , | 560 |
| VI. PIG-STICKING, | <i>Land and Water</i> , | 574 |
| VII. THE "DREADFUL PEOPLE" WHO GO TO COURT, | <i>Truth</i> , | 575 |
| POETRY. | | |
| WILL'S WIDOW, | 514 THE WESTERN WIND, | 514 |
| SONG OF THE CARILLONEUR, | 514 | |
| MISCELLANY, | | 576 |

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers. Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

WILL'S WIDOW, ETC.

WILL'S WIDOW.

It's hard enough for folks to work
For such a little pay ;
To me it does not matter much,
Now Will is gone away.
The bird whose mate is flown afar
Cares little for her nest :
For glimpse of distant paradise
The barest bough serves best.

A cup of tea and crust of bread
Are quite enough for me :
To give me dainties would be waste
As Will's not here to see ;
Or leastways, if he can look down
He knows too much to care,
Knows that it does not signify
What people eat or wear.

If I was living in the place
Where once I lived with Will,
All going on the same old way,
But just the house grown still,
I'm sure Will would seem further off,
So slowly time would go :
One needn't sit to watch for death,
That's sure to come, we know.

But now I seldom make a moan
About the sadder part ;
I think the moving of the hands
Is wholesome for the heart ;
For as I stitch, I recollect
The happy times we had,
Our courting days, and wedding morn,
When every one was glad.

I have Will's bird to sing to me,
And, lest it pine for trees,
When Sunday evening's calm and fair
I take it for a breeze.
Will's lying not so far from this,
And that is where we go :
The little bird cheeps cheerily —
I fancy it may know.

Will's buried by the old grey church
That stands upon the moor,
And as I can't take Dick inside,
I listen at the door ;
And every word the parson speaks,
I seem to hear Will say,
" That's something good for you, old girl " —
For that was poor Will's way.

And all the time as I walk home
I watch the sun go down ;
It makes our grim old city look
Like New Jerusalem town.
And I have such sweet fancies come
I never had before ;
When you've none else to talk with you,
I think God talks the more.

When first Will went, I longed to die,
But now I wait content ;
As parson says, " When comforts go,
The Comforter is sent."

Yet, oh ! how glad I'll meet with Will,
And tell him it came true
When he said, " Polly, dear old girl,
God will look after you."

ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

Cassell's Family Magazine.

SONG OF THE CARILLONNEUR.

RING out, my bells, in accents clear ;
Ring soft and sweet,
And take a message true and dear
To hearts that beat.
Soothe the soul with sorrow aching ;
Cheer the life when all's forsaking ;
Sing of joy to hearts now breaking ;
Ring on, my bells !

Ring out, my bells, across the plain ;
Ring wild and free,
And wake the echoes back again
To melody.
O'er the mountains waft my dreaming,
Where the sunset glory's streaming,
Where the purple vines are gleaming ;
Ring out, my bells !

Ring out, my bells ; ring full and strong.
My soul, to-day,
Upon inspiring notes of song
Would float away.
From the gray old minster sending
Tones that, in such concord blending,
Tell of harmonies unending ;
Ring out, my bells !

Ring out upon the listening air
Your silver spell ;
Ring out the music quaint and rare
I love so well :
Hope to every faint one bringing,
Peace on earth forever ringing,
And of love eternal singing ;
Ring on, my bells !

Chambers' Journal. H. K. W.

THE WESTERN WIND.

YET on my cheek I feel the western wind,
And hear it telling to the orchard trees,
And to the faint and flower-forsaken bees,
Tales of fair meadows, green with constant
streams,
And mountains rising blue and cool behind,
Where in moist dells the purple orchis gleams,
And starred with white the virgin's bower is
twined.

So the o'erworned pilgrim, as he fares
Along life's summer waste, at times is fanned,
Even at noon tide, by the cool, sweet airs
Of a serener and a holier land,
Fresh as the morn, and as the dewfall bland.
Breath of the blessed heaven for which we pray,
Blow from the eternal hills ! — make glad
Our earthly way ! JOHN G. WHITTIER

From The Edinburgh Review.
MEDITERRANEAN DELTAS.*

THE effects of small, but long-continued changes are more easy to calculate than to imagine. It is hard to realize, from what takes place during an observation extending over days, or even years, the results of the lapse of centuries, or tens of centuries. It is indeed possible, from the narrowest base of exact observation, to calculate the proportions of secular distance, as the astronomer, from the restricted limits of the rotation or of the orbit of the earth, deduces the order of the planetary range. But as the eye is unable to take cognizance of those minute angular differences which are grasped by microscopic examination of the vernier, so is the fancy unable to picture, from the movement of the waterfall of to-day or of the flood of a year or two ago, the condition to which a constant fall of water or a long series of floods will reduce the valley familiar to our infancy after the lapse of thousands of years. Nothing is more trite than the constant reference to the effects of the unwearied tooth of time. Nothing is more familiar to the mechanic than the introduction of time as an element of computation, and yet nothing affects us with more surprise than the result of this imperceptible, unslumbering action, when we are suddenly brought face to face with it after the lapse of a sufficient period to allow of a visible change.

In the case of those physical changes which are constantly taking place on the face of the planet earth by the agency of rainfall and water-flow, we have the most striking instance of our inability, not so much to estimate as to realize in fancy, the effects that are certain to follow in a definite period of time. When deep and

rapid rivers are observed to erode one bank of their channel, and to throw sand and shingle on the other, the sidelong movement of the stream, though it may amount to miles of distance in a comparatively short time, can only be ascertained by definite measurements, taken at fixed dates. The case in which the physical changes produced by the steady operation of natural causes are most obvious, is probably that of the inroads made on a cliff of soft or friable material by the tide. We observe that a fall of perceptible magnitude has been caused by a tempest. We may note that the outlook point of the fisher, or the hut of the shepherd, is now so near the verge of the cliff, that a few more such nights as the last would be enough to place the frail tenement in peril. A little later we may see even nearer cause for alarm. Yet again comes a tempest, and our landmark has disappeared. But with its disappearance has been lost our natural and apparent means of determining where sea and shore were accustomed to border. Again, we are driven back to the aid of the surveyor or of the map-maker to measure the rate at which the ocean is advancing, and to estimate the time within which what is now green knoll will have become sandy sea-bottom.

Physical science is only in its cradle; and yet the geological theory was comparatively old before it was allowed to totter forth from the imaginary regions of vast and terrible convulsions, regarded as the great agents of terrestrial change, and to enter on the more sober inquiry into the probable effects that would be produced, or that have been produced, by the operation of existing and appreciable causes, prolonged for a long period of time. It is to Sir C. Lyell that we are indebted for first directing due attention to this important aspect of the geologic record. It is true that no one who has been a witness to the formidable activity of earthquake and of volcano even in the comparatively tranquil regions of southern Europe, can doubt the fact that convulsions of terrific energy have left their marks on the surface of the earth. The earthquake of January 1858, though it was said to have destroyed thirty thousand

* 1. *Les Villes mortes du Golfe de Lyon.* Par C. LENTHERIC, Ingénieur des Ponts et Chaussées. Paris: 1876.

2. *On the Lagoons and Marshes of certain parts of the Shores of the Mediterranean.* By D. T. ANSTED, F.R.S. Excerpt of Proceedings of the Institution of Civil Engineers. 1869.

3. *Address to the Royal Geographical Society of London.* By Major-General Sir H. C. RAWLINSON, K.C.B., President. London: 1876.

4. *An Inquiry into the Soundness of M. de Lesseps' Reasonings and Arguments on the Practicability of the Suez Canal.* By Capt. T. SPRATT, R.N., F.R.S. London: 1858.

persons in Calabria, only threw down a few stones from the solidly-built palaces of Naples. And yet a shock which, though alarmingly sensible to the population, wrought no further mischief in the capital of the two Sicilies, raised the whole shore of the Bay of Naples, from Sorrento to Misenum, by a permanent elevation of from six to eight inches above the former level of the sea. This movement, however, is but trifling in comparison to the successive elevations and depressions, of as much as ten or twelve feet in level, which are shown, by the attacks made by boring marine molluscs on the columns of variegated marble which yet stand erect on their bases amid the ruin, to have occurred, on the same coast, since the erection of the temple of Serapis at Pozzuoli. Little more than a century before the occurrence of the quiet, but very appreciable, volcanic displacement of 1858, a portion of the bank of the Tagus, comprising a quay thronged with the inhabitants of Lisbon, went down like a stone to an as yet unsounded depth — so at least they assert on the spot — being severed from the undisturbed portion of the city as if it had been cut in twain by a knife.

It may seem almost paradoxical to assert that the present century is witness of a process which, if continued for a sufficient length of time, will convert the basin of the Mediterranean into a vast river valley, in which marsh and lagoon will gradually be warped up into cultivated soil, and through which the waters of the Nile and the Atbara, receiving as affluents the Danube, the Po, the Rhone, the Tiber, and other tributaries, will be poured into the Atlantic. Yet nothing is more certain than that the causes now in daily operation are adequate to effect this great physical change, provided that no geological convulsion intervenes during the period required for its completion. Not only so, but the *data* which have been collected and are in course of collection by hydrographers, geographers, and engineers are becoming so numerous and exact, that it may be possible, before long, to assign the period within which this obliteration of the inland sea would be effected. As the first assumption, however — that of the unin-

terrupted continuance of the actual geological order — is one of such unwarranted magnitude, it would be little more than scientific trifling to complete the calculation. It is much more to the point to inquire how far we can ascertain, either from historic records or by the methods of the surveyor, the annual amount of delta formation that is actually taking place in the Mediterranean. In some instances we have recently been provided with careful measurements of flow and of deposit. In other cases we have indications, more or less reliable, of the condition of the littoral in the neighborhood of the great river mouths at given dates. Herodotus supplies us with important landmarks showing the growth of the delta of the Nile, which have never yet been either understood or thoroughly investigated. M. Lenthéric has given us much valuable information as to the growth of the delta of the Rhone. Admiral Spratt has prepared charts exhibiting the advance of the shallow banks in the delta of the Kilia, the northernmost branch of the Danube, between 1830 and 1856. From Venice comes information that the silting up of the lagoons, which Sir John Rennie, in 1819, predicted would ensue if certain precautionary measures were neglected, has made rapid progress since the Austrian engineers departed from the wiser plans of their Italian predecessors. It remains to be seen whether the information as yet accessible is sufficient to allow us to arrive at any approach to the definition of a law that would be applicable, under various cases, to the determination of the secular growth of the deltas of the rivers flowing into the tideless waters of the inland seas of Europe.

The conversion of the bed of the Mediterranean into a cultivable river valley, vast as the change may appear to the imagination, is, after all, but a special example of that steady, silent, unintermitting, and therefore mighty change that is in progress over the greater portion of the surface of our globe. The physical powers of nature, the rifting energy of frost, the parching and crumbling effect of heat, the mechanical friction of rain, the chemical action of the atmosphere, are all engaged in a mighty and combined effort to

reduce the surface of the planet to its true mathematical form of a spheroid of rotation. So certain, however slow, is the result of the incessant action, that it is only to the counterbalancing effects of geological convulsions—or at least of upheavals which deserve that title by their magnitude, whatever be the rapidity with which they may have been effected—that we can attribute the fact that our globe is not now in the condition of a solid nucleus, surrounded everywhere with a watery envelope. Almost all that we can observe of the steady operation of natural causes is tending to reduce the earth to that condition. Inorganic nature hastens, we will not say to destruction, but to that obliteration of the features of individuality, which would result in the destruction of terrestrial life. The toil of man, feeble and puny as are its results when compared with those of the great agencies of nature, tends in some cases rapidly to hasten, in others slightly to delay, the assimilating process. The great conservative element which resists the erosive force of atmospheric and of aqueous degradation, is the vigorous energy of vegetation. By absorbing and distributing the mountain rainfall; by clothing and protecting the banks of rivers; by arresting the deportation of the sandy banks of the sea by the waves; and by forming a barrier to the destructive march of the sand dunes in the track of prevailing winds,—forest trees, marsh and aquatic plants, creeping knot grasses, and socially-growing pines effect more for the maintenance of the actual condition of the dry land than any other, or than all other agencies. By mining, quarrying, draining, and similar works, man aids in the great operation of the degradation of the exposed portion of the surface of the earth. By his breakwaters, dykes, dams, quays, and other engineering labors, he endeavors to arrest the conversion of dry land into sea. But the accumulated efforts of the human race, since the first traces of their abode upon earth, have effected less change in the condition of the countries they inhabit, than has been wrought by the greedy or petulant haste of a single generation through the clearance and destruction of forests. It

is only by the aid of the vegetable kingdom that man can contribute, in any appreciable degree, to the maintenance of the present condition of the surface of the earth. It is by his wanton inroads on the great conservative power of vegetation, that he most efficiently hastens the degradation of the soil.

But little more than the third part of the superficies of our planet is estimated by Humboldt to be uncovered by the waters of the ocean. The extreme height attained by the mountain ranges is less than the lowest depths measured by the plumb-line. Indeed, the mean height of the continents above the level of the sea has been estimated at only one fifteenth part of the mean depth of the ocean. The mean elevation of Europe is estimated at 636 feet above the sea. The dry land, then, if gradually degraded and carried into the sea, would not only find ample room for deposit beneath the water, but would—if the assumed proportions are any way near the mark—fail to raise the surface of the latter by more than fifty feet, or to increase the length of the mean diameter of the globe by much more than one four-hundred-thousandth part, to say nothing of the counterbalancing loss of diameter occasioned by the degradation of the highlands. The more lofty are the mountain ranges, the more powerfully do they attract that rainfall which acts on them with the slow pertinacity of the file; the more rapid are the torrents that furrow their slopes, and bear rocks and boulders to the plains below, the more copious and irresistible are the floods that pound boulders into gravel, and gravel into sand, and finally veil the evidence of their toil under a blank mantle of mud. The annual rainfall of the world has been estimated by French men of science at very nearly fifty inches (actually 1·5 metres) over the entire surface of the globe. As regards the proportion of the areas of land and water, it may appear at first sight that the ocean receives on its surface two-thirds of the total quantity of rain. But when we come to study the result of actual observation, we find that the attractive power of the mountain ranges on the water borne aloft in the atmosphere is so great as to go far to com-

penses for the comparatively limited area of the dry land. Thus we find that in India along the west coast of the peninsula, from the seashore to the summits of the Ghauts, and again from the mouth of the Irawadi along the east coast of the Bay of Bengal, up the valley of the Bramaputra, and along the skirt of the Himalaya, there exist wide belts of rainfall of more than one hundred inches in annual depth. In special localities this large downpour is more than doubled. Even in the Lake district of England, where atmospheric phenomena are very far from attaining a tropical intensity, an annual rainfall of 244 inches has been actually measured at the Sty Head Pass. On the other hand, over a very great portion of the surface of the ocean there does not exist any more attraction for rainfall than is found to be exerted by the rainless districts of Asia, of Arabia, or of Africa. The estimate above quoted of average rainfall has been taken from calculations as to heat and evaporation, rather than from measurement of rain or rivers. But such phenomena as are presented by the Albara, the Uruguay, and indeed by most of the great torrential rivers of the world, are conclusive as to the fact of the immense concentration of rainfall that occurs on the most prominent mountain ranges — that is to say, on those very portions of the earth's surface that now project most sensibly above the mean level of the sea. While the rainfall in the British islands (notwithstanding the extraordinary instance above cited) does not exceed from twenty-four to sixty inches, according to the zone of country, that of Dutch Guiana is stated at 229 inches, that of Brazil at 276; that of the Western Ghauts, at an elevation of between four thousand and five thousand feet, at 302; and that of the Khasia Mountains in Bengal at six hundred inches: no less than thirty inches being mentioned by Dr. Hooker as having there fallen in twenty-four hours.

The general profile of the rivers of the world, whatever be their variation in length, in volume, and in regularity or sinuosity of course, has been described as approaching a parabolic curve. For the precipitous descents over which the vertically falling rain is at first hurried, the violent action of the mountain torrents has earned the name of the zone of erosion. As torrents blend and calm into rivers, and as the slopes of the hills become more gradual, the channels of discharge assume greater regularity. The shingle and gravels into which the rocky fragments, borne down

from the steeper portions of the water-courses, have become broken and ground, have a tendency to form in beds and shoals whenever the accidentation of the ground deflects the course of the stream. After any mountain storm, or long-continued rainy season, rivers, in this part of their course, are apt to keep up a perpetual movement of the loose materials of their bed. A substantial shoal of gravel will disappear, to be replaced, later on, by contributions from the same source to which the deposit was in the first instance to be traced. The course of the Po, in the neighborhood of Turin, is a characteristic example of this portion of the system of an important river. In our own island the River Towy, in Carmarthenshire, may be cited as an appropriate parallel, respect being had to the inferior volume of the stream. This second portion of the general system of rivers has been called the zone of compensation.

By no sharp and defined change, but by gradual diminution of the inclination of the river-bed, the zone of compensation passes into the zone of deposit. It is in this zone that a river finally loses its individuality, and that its waters mingle with the sea. In some cases, where the low land stretches to a considerable distance from the foot of the hills, the course of the rivers through the zone of deposit is slow, tortuous, and comparatively feeble; the fall being almost imperceptible until the spot is reached where the descending current first becomes sensible of the opposing action of the tide. When this limit is attained, the further course of the river is such as to fall into one or other of two very distinct categories or groups.

The essential difference of these groups depends on the question whether the river discharges its waters into a tidal or a tideless basin. These terms are used absolutely in the first instance, as denoting a marked difference of condition. In practice, however, the limit is less rigid. Tidal seas rise with very different velocity and height of flood on various parts of their coasts, as is to be seen in our own island. Thus the tide, which, in the Thames, may have a rise at springs of from twenty to twenty-four feet, hardly exceeds the fourth of that rise in the roads of Yarmouth; while in the Wye, above its confluence with the Severn, the equinoctial spring tides are said to have reached the height of seventy-two feet. A like enormous rise is said to occur in the Bay of Fundy. On the occasion of the floating of the bridge built to carry the South Wales Railway over

the Wye at Chepstow the actual rise of the tide was about sixty feet. The remarkable funnel-shaped mouth of the Severn is no doubt one main cause of this piling up of the incoming wave. In the Seine, which also has a funnel-shaped mouth, the phenomenon of the bore, *barre*, or *flot*, which is a rare occurrence on the Severn, and is unknown in most rivers, is due to a like cause. When a strong wind drives the rising tide into either of these broad estuaries, the impetus gained by the wave is such that as the course narrows the water is heaped up on itself by its own momentum, and rushes up the channel as a vertical wall, coped by a crest of tumbling water, spray, and foam, canopied very often by driving storm, rain, or sleet, and rising as much as twelve or fourteen feet above the surface of the descending rivers.

Between such a tidal estuary as that of the Seine or of the Severn, and the placid expanse of the almost tideless Tyrrhenian Sea, into which the Tiber discharges its waters at Ostia, the contrast is extreme. It is not, however, one that can be taken as typical. Each great river has features of its own, as well as features that are common to its class. Thus, while the level of the Mediterranean, as a rule, does not vary more than from twenty-four to thirty inches, under the influence of winds and of currents, it is more tempestuous on certain portions of its coasts; and is said to have an actual tide, when the wind is northerly, rising as much as from thirty to fifty-five inches at the head of the Gulf of Venice.

Bearing in mind that either term is used rather as denoting the central idea of a group than as a rigid definition applicable to any member of that group, we return to the statement that rivers, in the third and last division of their systems, may be distinguished as they fall into either tidal or tideless waters. It is the latter class of rivers alone that properly presents the phenomenon known by the term delta. The word, as is well known, is taken from the similarity of the triangular islets formed at the *embouchure* of the Nile, to the form of the Greek capital delta; a similarity which is more apparent in the case of the early Hellenic or of the Phoenician alphabet than in the more regular modern form—in which indeed the idea is altogether lost, except in the capital letter. The action of rivers that fall into tidal seas generally differs from that of the delta-forming streams, inasmuch as the force of the reflux of the tide, aiding

the torrent of the river, is ordinarily enough to maintain a deep and navigable channel. In other words, rivers that flow into tideless seas are apt to deposit the solid matter which they bring down in banks and islands at the spot where the regular movement of the water is first checked by the opposition of the sea. Tidal rivers, on the contrary, send their deposits more freely forth, to be deposited over the general bed of the ocean.

There is one point with reference to the action of tideless rivers which has been disputed by some writers, but which seems to be established by indubitable evidence, at all events, in the best-observed cases, which are those of the Rhone and of the Nile. This is the permanent fixity of the point of diramation. Regarding the extremely tortuous and irregular course of the channels of such rivers as we have named; the absence of any rocky or artificial bridges to determine their divergence; and the habit, which they all share, of varying the position of their channels apparently at will, and certainly under the influence of comparatively slight causes; it might be anticipated that the point of diramation, or the landward apex of the delta, would shift its position as it became left inland by the accumulation of material at the base of the islet, and move either up or down the stream. Such an anticipation, however, is not supported by observation. This fact tends to show that the point of diramation is not casually decided. In the Nile, at the present time, islands occur above the point of bifurcation. The existence of an island betokens the actual division of the stream by some obstacle; and thus shows that there was a facility offered for permanent division at that point, of which the river refused to avail itself. It therefore may be held, with some confidence, that the position of the point of diramation—that is to say, the commencement of the formation of the delta—depends chiefly upon level. It is at a certain point in its descending curve that the river first meets that silent but sensible opposition which is offered to its movement by the sea. This point will be at, or near to, the spot where the level of the surface of the river at low water is the same as that of the mean surface of the sea. As this level remains unchanged—we are now speaking only of historic times—so does the point where the tendency to deposit first undergoes material facilitation also remain unchanged. In other words, the apex of the delta is a fixed point, irrespective, to some degree,

of the volume or velocity of the rivers. This view, if established by more exhaustive observation, may perhaps hereafter take rank as a primary law of the formation of river deltas.

The establishment of this law (which we will now assume as hypothetical) tends to explain how it is that rivers of such different character as the Nile, the Danube, and the Rhone present such remarkable similarities in the matter of delta formation. It cannot be owing to mere chance that each of these rivers, which originally poured their undivided streams into the sea, should have not only diramated but split into seven streams, subsequently choking up one after another of their channels; and again pouring the main body of their waters in two cases through two, and in the third through three, main mouths or outlets. Indeed, the whole course of the formation of what the French hydrographers call the *appareil littoral* is almost identical in these very different rivers. The Rhone, one of the most rapid rivers in Europe, rises at the height of 5,772 feet above the level of the sea. In its first descent (of 112 miles out of its entire course of 520 miles), into Lake Leman, it falls no less than 4,555 feet; a descent which gives a slope of 74 m. per kilometre, or seven and four-tenths in a thousand. From Lake Leman to Bellegarde the river continues to roll down rocks and large blocks of stone. Below this point commences the gravelly bed, the inclination being reduced to 1,009 m. per kilometre. From Lyons to Beaucaire the inclination of the bed (with the exception of some rapids) varies from 0.5 to 0.3 m. per kilometre, and the velocity of the river is from 1.5 m. to 2.5 m. per second in ordinary flow, rising to as much as 4 m. per second during freshets. Between Beaucaire and Arles the inclination of the bed of the Rhone is reduced to 0.123 m. per kilometre. The grinding action of the current is by this time complete. The material brought down by the river is reduced to the state of sand or mud; the latter being chiefly contributed by the affluent stream of the Durance, which enters the Rhone near Avignon. At Arles the Rhone divides into two branches: the Grand-Rhone on the left and the Petit-Rhone on the right. The level of the surface of the river here is 1.03 above that of the sea, to reach which it has to flow for some thirty miles further. Velocity and inclination progressively diminish from this point; the mean fall hence being less than 0.03 per kilometre. Thus the forma-

tion of thirty miles of delta has not produced a greater elevation, or banking up of the ordinary level of the low-water mark of the Rhone at Arles, than is equivalent to about an inch and a third per mile. This inclination is considerably less than the minimum which is considered necessary to ensure the flow of water through the dykes of our own fen districts. We thus have a proof, at once, of the soundness of the hypothesis above suggested as to the cause of the diramation of the river, and of the absence of change in the level of the Mediterranean itself since the commencement of the historic delta of the Rhone.

We say historic delta, because a prehistoric, or geological period has left evidence of its occurrence at a time when the action of the Rhone and its affluents appears to have been of a more violent nature than has been the case within recent times. Over the vast triangle of which Beaucaire, Clette, and Fos form the angles, stretches a vast deposit of boulders, which is known as the Alpine diluvium. We need not now enter into the question of the mode of formation of this great slope, which gradually loses itself beneath the waters of the Gulf of Lyons. The continuation of the incline beneath the sea is shown by the gradual increase of depth. The line of fifty metres' sounding is nearly parallel with the coast at a distance of about fifteen miles. A more irregular curve, lying about three and a half miles seaward of the fifty-metre line off Cape Couronne, and stretching thence towards the Pyrenean promontories, leaving a distance of twenty-four miles between the centres of the two curves, is bounded by the depth of one hundred metres. At some twelve miles, again, to the south, this depth is doubled. The actual delta of the Rhone is a triangular island of two hundred fifty square miles in area, contained between the two previously mentioned arms, which are known as the Grand-Rhone and the Petit-Rhone, in the centre of which is the *étang*, or marshy lake, of Valcarès, possessing a superficies of somewhat under thirty square miles, and a depth of from one to two metres. The effect of the waters of the Durance, which, rushing through the defile of Lamalon, falls almost at right angles into the Rhone, appears to have determined the extension of the diluvial delta towards the west. The deposit of diluvium, even limiting its area to the space landward of Clette and of Fos, covers seven times the area of the historic

delta, formed of the sands and mud of the rivers. It may throw some light on the progress of secular change to notice, that the *étang* of Valcarès covers about an eighth part of the present delta.

The bulk of solid matter annually brought down by the Rhone is estimated by M. Surell at seventeen millions of cubic metres. M. Lenthéric does not present us with the data for this calculation, nor with any estimate of the volume of the Rhone, the extent of the area which it drains, the average rainfall over that area, or the proportion of solid matter held either in suspension or in solution by the waters of the river at any portion of its course. Determinations of these data are requisite to enable the engineer to make any calculation as to the relative activity displayed in the zone of erosion and in the zone of deposit, and thus to estimate how much of the annual deportation of the river goes to the formation of visible delta, and how much to the raising of the bottom of the sea, over a larger or smaller area. These questions, indeed, may not assume an European interest in the case of the Rhone. As to the deposits of the Po, the Adige, the Brenta, and the Danube, they are, however, of very great importance; and in the case of the Nile, the largest of all the delta-forming rivers of the inland seas of Europe, the determination of the disposition of the deposit is a point upon which depends the ultimate maintenance of the line of communication opened, by the Isthmus of Suez Canal, for the maritime intercourse of Europe and the East. These great rivers are spoken of by the French writers as *Rivières travailleuses*. It is not, however, the case that the work performed by a river in abrading and eroding its mountain cradle, pulverizing its spoil, and bearing down the material to form bars and islands at its mouth, is to be measured by the visible growth of the latter. The collaboration of another workman has to be taken into account. The Thames is not less of a "workman river" than the Tiber. But the strong tides of the channel prevent an accumulation which is normal in the quieter waters of the Mediterranean. It is thus needful to study the destructive and transporting work of a river, independently of any estimate of its activity which may be formed from the growth of its delta. Taking the latter as the sole basis of calculation, it would follow that the deposits of the Nile were now only about one-tenth of their average annual amount for the entire historic

period; and not only so, but that they are considerably less than the actual deposits of the Rhone. M. Lombardini, cited by M. Lenthéric, estimates the annual deposit of the Nile at forty million metres cube; that of the Rhone being, as above stated, seventeen million metres cube; that of the Po forty million metres cube; and that of the Mississippi six hundred and forty-four million metres cube. The annual growth, or prolongation, of the mouth of the Grand-Rhone is given at fifty metres; that of the Po at eighty metres; that of the Nile is said now not to exceed from three to four metres per annum. We shall return to the subject of the formation of the delta of the Nile. It is, however, apparent from the above figures, apart from any question of rectification, that the measurement of delta mouths alone is far from being enough to give information as to the efficacy of a river as a denuding and degrading agent.

Even in the case of the Rhone alone, it is evident from the facts accumulated by M. Lenthéric, that the action of waves and currents demands as careful and minute a study as does the evidence of actual and visible deposit. Two great promontories mark the angles of the delta of the Rhone; the Pointe de l'Espignotte, to the west of the present *embouchure* of the western branch, and the Pointe de Beauduc, to the west of that of the Grand-Rhone. These points advance into the sea at the mean annual rate of seventy metres. But in the coast-line of more than twenty-four miles which lies between these two promontories, not only is there no corresponding advance, but actual retrogression of the shore is in some parts taking place. A double line of towers, necessarily erected as at once signals and defences for the entrance of the river, marks the gradual and secular prolongation of the banks forming the mouth of the Rhone. The custom of erecting such structures is mentioned by Strabo. On the left bank the towers of Mauleget, St. Arcier, Parade, and Beloare bear witness to secular changes. On the right below the towers of Mondovi, Vassale, and Le Graux, exist the tower of Sampau, built in 1614, that of St. Ernest, built at the *embouchure* of the Bras-de-Fer, or old Rhone, in 1656, and that of St. Louis, built in 1737. This last semaphore tower was erected on the shore. It is now more than seven kilometres distant from the sea.

While data such as the above bear unmistakable evidence as to river deposit,

the general problem is complicated by the effects of storm waves and of littoral currents. The predominating action of the sea in the Gulf of Lyons beats from the south-east. The direction of the prevailing winds, and of the most violent storms, is a point or two further towards the west. The south-easterly wind blows for from five to six times the number of days during which the south-westerly gales prevail, and, indeed, for more than eight months out of twelve. The littoral current from east to west attains a velocity of from '06 metres to '3 metres per second in calm weather, and from 1·5 metres, to 2 metres, and even to 3 metres in storms. Under this influence actual erosion of the shore of the Camargue, or Rhone delta, is in progress. The lighthouse of Faraman was built in 1836, at about seven hundred metres from the sea. It is now condemned. A semaphore was placed, in 1852, at thirty metres in advance of the lighthouse. It has been destroyed for two years. There is a depth of twenty-five metres of water at the spot occupied a hundred and fifty years ago by the Pointe de Faraman; and although the advance of the sea is less rapid than formerly, it is still maintained at the rate of fifteen metres per annum. The semaphore is drowned; the pharos is not more than fifty yards from the sea; in three or four years more it will no longer exist.

It is a matter rather of special than of general interest, to trace the varied action of the river and the sea to the controlling causes. The chief interest of the phenomena of the delta of the Rhone to the engineer, the historian, or the statesman, concerns not so much the local movement, as the light thrown by such movement on the general laws of the deposit made by large rivers in tideless seas. As to this, the detailed study of M. Lenthéric is of no little value, although in the parallel which he attempts to establish between the action of the European rivers and that of the Nile, he omits the due consideration of that important element, the littoral current, which we have just seen to play so important a part in the erosion of the shore of Faraman, and the filling up of the Gulf of Fos. Unresting activity is the great characteristic of the delta-forming power of the Rhone. The steady growth of land, and retrogression of the sea, are the result of this activity. But such growth and retrogression are not simple and regular. They do, indeed, follow certain controlling laws; but the application of those laws not only differs in each local-

ity, but varies according to the effects produced by the position of the deposits themselves. The general course pursued by a river in the formation of its delta is, briefly, this. When the descending current has reached the level of the sea, and the channel has been permanently formed down to what becomes the point of division, the check given to the movement of the stream causes the precipitation of a cone of sand. The river, parted by this constantly accumulating obstacle, continues to form its own banks on either side, and thus lines its course as it advances through the sea with constantly extending walls. With the variations in height caused by floods the river overflows these newly-formed barriers, and thus precipitates a layer of sand or mud sloping gently outwards from the stream. At points determined mainly by the littoral currents the formation of the bank is checked, and the material deposited is partly swept away by the current, and either spread over the bottom of the sea, or deposited in a cordon, spit, or belt of sand at an angle to the direction of the river. These cordons, increased by the action of the waves, especially during storms, shut off pools from the main sea, which at first are open to internal navigation, then gradually become filled up by deposits from the river floods; then encourage a rank fluviatile and marshy vegetation, and finally are warped up into rich and productive soil. The whole series of phenomena—formation of *berge* or river bank, of cordon, of *étang* or marsh, and finally of reclaimed soil—which the French engineers include under the term of growth of the *appareil littoral*, may be traced in various stages of their progress at the *embouchure* of each of the great rivers which enter the Mediterranean and its affluent lake, the Black Sea.

The locality in which the action of the English rivers in effecting an alteration of the shore-line may perhaps be studied with most advantage is the remarkable lagoon formed by the confluent streams of the Avon and the Stour, immediately below Christchurch. The ancient bluff of Hengistbury Head, still furrowed by the defensive lines of the old Saxon invaders, stands out in the long, hollow range of coast reaching from Hurst Castle to Studland Bay, and on to Durlston Head, causing the shore-line to present the plan of a double curve, somewhat similar to that marked in the air by the wings of a large bird. When the ordnance survey of this part of England was completed, in

1811, the area immediately to the north of the promontory presented a plan closely resembling that of a Roman port. A true lagoon then reached for the one and one-third mile of distance from the confluence of the two streams to the bar thrown up by the tide, which ran in a north-easterly direction from the end of Hengistbury Head to a promontory on the opposite mainland. In the middle of this bar was an opening, which looks on the survey exactly like an artificial entrance between two well-built walls. Within was a capacious basin, into which, however, thin lines of sand protruded from the mouths of the rivers, like the *berges* we have before described in the cases of the Rhine and of the Nile. But, by 1848, when the fourth sheet of the survey of the south coast of England was completed by Captain Sheringham, R.N., the *appareil littoral* had undergone a marked change. The greater part of the former lagoon had been transformed into marsh or into meadow, through which the confluent streams ran in a distinctly marked and curving channel. The central opening in the bar had disappeared, having been entirely choked by the action of the waves, and the escape of the water now takes place through a mouth more than a mile eastward, below Highcliff Castle. Thus the formation of the *berge*, that of the cordon or bar, that of the lagoon, and that of the ultimate marsh and meadow, are illustrated in this beautiful spot by careful and exactly dated surveys. The face of the shore within half a century has undergone far more change than is apparent on the secular walls of the noble priory church that has looked down for eight hundred years on the activity of the rivers. So pure and dry is the air that the graceful decorations carved by the Roman masons on the panelled walls of the sacred building are as sharp and clear as if they had been cut within the century. It is the work of man here that assumes permanence, while that of nature undergoes such comparatively sudden change.

An approximate estimate of the area of the gathering grounds of the Rhone and its affluents has been given by Professor Ansted, in a paper on lagoons and marshes, which was read at the Institute of Civil Engineers on February 16, 1869. This paper gave the fullest account of the Rhone delta that we have met with before the publication of the work of M. Lentheric, and the detailed account of the lagoons may still be read with interest. The watershed drained by the Rhone is stated in

this paper at thirty-seven thousand square miles; but a note gives a correction to the effect that French geographers have lately given as the drainage area, in France alone, 45,884 square miles. A discrepancy of this amount in a special study of the subject is, at all events, a proof that the subject is not yet thoroughly mastered. If we may rely on Mr. Ansted's figures, the area covered by lagoons and marshes is in the proportion of a little more than two acres to every square mile of watershed basin; or in round numbers, about the three-hundredth part of the larger area. As to the rainfall, the information is but fragmentary. From 1857 to 1864, the mean rainfall at Montpellier was 36·58 inches. Over the Camargue the rainfall is said to be about one-fifth less. But what occurs in the upper part of the river's course is unknown. A long series of observations, carried on at properly distributed points, is necessary in order to arrive at clear information on a subject so deeply affecting the well-being of France. That showers and storms of great violence occasionally burst on the cradle of the Rhone and its affluents is well known. In October 1868, as much as seven inches of rain is said to have fallen in twenty-four hours in the neighborhood of Montpellier. If we assume the English average of thirty-six inches as that of the watershed basin of the Rhone, we shall find that the annual rainfall over that area gives a total quantity of one hundred and fifty milliards of tons, or sixty-six per cent, more than the measured volume poured into the Mediterranean by the Nile. The chief value of this comparison is the lesson which it points as to the need for ascertaining discharge, as well as rainfall. From its confluence with the Atbara the Nile runs for twenty-four degrees of latitude without receiving a single affluent. Its loss by evaporation in that distance materially reduces its volume. Were its course sufficiently prolonged, not a drop of its water would reach the sea, except in the season of flood. Yet no doubt can be entertained that the rainfall over the watershed of the Nile must be enormously greater than that of the basin of the Rhone.

Some valuable hydrometric observations on the River Tiber have been abstracted, in the Foreign Transactions of the Institution of Civil Engineers, from the *Giornale del Genio Civile* of 1875. From observations taken for a period of eight years, Signor Venturoli has calculated that the mean amount of the water brought down by the Tiber is ten thousand cubic feet

per second. In 1870 the total average flood of water in the valley of the Tiber was 213,900 feet per second; the flood water being calculated to be double that of the Po in relation to the area of its basin. The rainfall area of the Tiber is estimated at 6,455 square miles. The rainfall registered at Perugia is considered to be equal to the average fall over the whole basin of the Tiber. This is stated by Venturoli at 34·8 inches; one-fifth of which is deducted for loss by evaporation and otherwise, leaving an annual supply of 27·3 inches for feeding the river. The advance of the delta of the Tiber is measured by the obliteration of the ancient ports of Trajan and of Claudius. According to plans collected by Sir John Rennie, the retrogression of the sea here is at the rate of about two yards per annum. But this is not so much the advance of a projecting delta, as the gradual augmentation of a line of seaboard of undetermined length, lying within the great curve of one hundred and ten miles of coast, stretching from Capo Farnesio to Capo D'Anzo. The solid deposit of the Tiber is not estimated in the paper cited.

The action of the river that drains the great Lombardo-Venetian basin possesses an importance, not only from engineering considerations but from historic associations, scarcely inferior to that of the movement of the Nile itself. A frequent feature in river systems is the confluence of one stream with another, often at an obtuse angle to its course, and often near its mouth. Not unfrequently it is the case that the affluent stream drains a different description of country from that which feeds the principal river. In such cases, the junction is that of a torrent with a stream of permanent flow, as in the instances of the Parana and the Uruguay, and of the Nile and the Atbara. In the Lombard plain a somewhat different arrangement has been effected by the engineering of nature. The Tanaro, rising in the Maritime Alps; the Po, springing from Monte Viso; the Dora Riparia, reaching from Mont Cenis; the Dora Grossa, descending from Mont Blanc and Mont St. Bernard, and the Sesia, flowing from Monte Rosa, converge above the confluence, near Pavia, of the Ticino with the united streams. A fan-shaped network of water-ways is thus formed, extending over a circle, roughly measured of some eighty miles' radius from a point near Vercelli, and draining a basin girded by the loftiest summits of the Alps, and covering more than twenty thousand square geographical

miles of ground. The lakes of Como, Iseo, and Garda send down their surplus waters from the north and north-west to swell the main stream of the Po. But below Mantua, and through the area of that ancient Eridanic delta within which the lake of Comacchio, as well as the lagoons of Venice, were gradually walled off from the Adriatic, the Adige and the Brenta now find channels parallel with that of the Po; and the waters of these streams mingle only in the Adriatic. Thus, while Venice may be said, from a geological point of view, to be situated on the delta formation of the Po, it is the action of the Brenta which is now filling her lagoons, and threatening to convert the most picturesque of Italian cities into an inland town. The whole coast from Trieste to Ancona may be regarded as the actual boundary line of a geological delta, in the middle of the sweeping curve formed by the base of which the present mouths of the Po are protruding their active formation, far in advance of the cordons of the two lagoon systems before mentioned. The *lido*, or cordon of sand bounding the Venetian lagoons, is pierced with deep water openings, or *foci*, which have owed their maintenance, from the date of the foundation of Venice in 1104, mainly to the fact that the ebb of the faint tide of the Adriatic lasts for only about a sixth part of the time of the flow. Thus a force of scour is attained, to which we have no exact parallel in the cases of the Rhone, the Tiber, or the Nile. The rise of ordinary spring tides does not exceed 2·8 feet. When counteracted by a north wind the flow is less than fourteen inches in rise; aided by the sirocco, it has been known to attain a height of 4·3 feet.

It is the more necessary to collect due materials for forming a clear opinion of the action of the rivers in the vicinity of Venice, from the fact that M. Lentheric attempts to establish an exact parallel between the littoral apparatus of this portion of the Adriatic and that which exists at Port Said. The ability shown by this writer in his examination of the delta of the Rhone, and in his description of the dead cities of the Gulf of Lyons, is such as to give weight to his remarks on any similar district. It is therefore desirable to note the very contrary conditions which prevail in the Venetian lagoons and in the Nilotic basin.

The rainfall descending on the southward versant of the Carnic Alps makes its way into the upper portion of the Adriatic, and sweeps the Gulf of Venice with an

appreciable southward current. The sands and mud brought down by the Tagliamento, the Piave, and other streams, are thus partially carried towards Ancona. During the sirocco, which blows with great fury in the gulf, the alluvial matter is thrown upon the cordon. So far, however, has this influence been from permanently widening the Lido (which is only three hundred and fifty metres in mean breadth), that it has been found necessary to face this outer barrier with stone, protected by groins or ribs run out to the sea, for a length of four miles between Lido and Malamocco. These two entrances, thus defended, and the two smaller *foci* or openings of Foggia, Tre Porti, and the Piave, admit the tide when raised by the sirocco; and being aided by dredging, maintain an ample scour. The waters of the Brenta, which are full of solid material, were diverted into a canal, furnished with sluices, and by this means the silting up of the lagoons was for a long time reduced to a minimum. Great contention, however, has arisen among the Italian engineers on this subject; and the importance of the first principle contended for by Rennie and his school, that of a catch-water drain for arresting the deposits brought down by flood water, was departed from in 1840, when the Austrian engineers turned the Brenta into the lagoon. Professor Zanon, in the *Rivista Maritima* for October 1875, argues in favor of this course. But the result has been that over the entire bed of the lagoon, an area of some fifty kilometres by ten, the bottom has been warped up '75 metre since 1840, while the delta has advanced seven kilometres, and is now within three kilometres of Chioggia. The silting up of the bottom alone shows a deposit of eleven million of cubic yards per annum, independently of the growth of the delta.

By departing from the principle that prevention is better than cure, the Italian engineers have thrown away much of the special advantage with which nature had endowed the port of Venice. But even in its present condition it has no such menacing a foe to dread as exists in the case of Port Said, where a strong littoral current sweeps not from but towards the head of the Levant, bearing with it as much of the enormous mass of the annual deposit of the Nile as is not now disposed of in prolongation of the delta, or in raising the sea bottom between the Rosetta mouth and the Pelusiac Bay. This travelling mass, on reaching the shore of Syria, is

partly blown from the margin of the sea, and advances, in desolating dunes, over the once celebrated gardens of Jaffa, as well as over the now barren isthmus. There is no scour from Lake Menzaleh or from Port Said, and all that can be done is to keep up a continuous dredging, the amount of which has risen from one hundred and sixty-one thousand cubic yards in 1871 to nine hundred and thirty-seven thousand cubic yards in 1875. Sir Henry Rawlinson, in his address to the Royal Geographical Society on May 22, 1876, refers to the observations made by Staff-Commander Millard, in February and March 1875, on the littoral between Port Said and the Damietta mouth of the Nile. He refers to the gradual shoaling of the Bay of Pelusium, of which Colonel Stokes has given very instructive details. The currents are found to be mainly dependent on the wind, the prevailing direction of which is north-westerly, as shown on the chart prepared by Admiral Spratt. The only positive contribution to our previous knowledge of the subject contained in Sir Henry Rawlinson's speech are the statements that "the line of strongest current is that bordering on the Damietta mouth of the Nile and the projecting coast east of Port Said," and that the coast-line between these localities was found to have advanced considerably seaward, "in some places nearly to the extent of three-quarters of a mile," since the date of the survey made by Captain Mansell, R. N., in 1856. It is very possible to understand how the growth of the Nile delta, when it has passed beyond the shelter of Aboukir Point, may have been reduced from a secular average of more than twenty yards per annum to a fifth or a sixth of that rate of increase, if we find that the material brought to the mouth of the river is swept towards the Syrian shore with such energy as to cause a seaward growth of fifty-two yards per annum of the shore of the Pelusiac bay.

The most valuable contribution, however, which has been made to our positive knowledge of the deposits of the Nile is a measurement of the volume of the river, and of the proportion of matter held in solution and in suspension by its water, which has been made by Mr. Fowler, C.E., in the capacity of engineer-in-chief to the khedive. Mr. Fowler has favored us with abstracts of measurements taken when the river stood at different heights, as measured on the nilometer. During a period of sixteen years daily observations have been thus recorded; and the mean annual

volume has been calculated for a year when the Nile attains the mean height of 6·87 metres in flood. The lowest tide included in the observations was 5·87 metres (in 1868); the highest 8·48 metres (in 1874). Analyses of the solid material contained in the water were made for Mr. Fowler every month during the year 1874 by the late Dr. Letheby.

The annual discharge of the Nile, on these data, amounts to ninety thousand seven hundred and sixty-eight millions of tons of water. More than two-thirds of this large volume is brought down during the watery tetrameny of the ancient Egyptian year, containing the months Mesori, Thoth Paophi, and Athyr (in the fixed, not the vague, year), and nearly corresponding to our own August, September, October and November. In October the flow amounts to nineteen milliards of tons. In June it is rather less than one and one-fourth milliards of tons. The importance of a knowledge of this variation of volume is due to the fact that the quantity of solid matter brought down by the high Nile is far larger in proportion than in the case when the river is low. The quantity of matter in suspension, in a given quantity of water, is four times as great in August as it is in May. The total estimate of solid matter, both in solution and suspension, brought down in the year is sixty-two millions of tons. But Mr. Fowler remarks that, as the water analyzed was taken from the surface of the river, the results of analysis are far below the real proportion of solid matter. Professional experience leads him to the inference that the bulk of wet material actually deposited must be fully five times that of the solids obtained by chemical analysis.

Experience at the Cairo waterworks has shown that the solids deposited in a few hours by high Nile water amount to an inch in depth for ten feet of water, or the one hundred and twentieth part of the bulk. It is long since Mr. Shaw gave exactly the same proportion, as the result of experiment. If only two-thirds of this proportion be taken for the flow of the four months of high Nile alone, the result will be equal to the above estimate of five times the deposit estimated from Dr. Letheby's analysis. Thus, from two independent modes of investigation, it results that the minimum quantity of solid matter annually brought down by the Nile amounts to at least three hundred millions of tons. If we attribute to this matter the specific gravity assigned by Professor

Rankine to mud (which is intermediate between that of dry and of damp sand), we have a quantity of two hundred and forty millions of cube yards of annual deposit.

The waters of the Nile may be distinguished by their color, at the time of inundation, for more than ten leagues after their entrance into the sea. The soundings taken by Admiral Spratt, R.N., off the coast of Africa, from Aboukir Bay to El Arish, give depths of from fourteen to twenty fathoms at about twenty miles from the shore. We may, therefore, consider the deposits from the Nile to form a submarine hill, or sloping surface, from low-water level to the depths above indicated. If we take a mean depth of ten fathoms, or sixty feet, as a vertical dimension, we find that the annual deposit of the Nile will cover an area of very nearly four square miles to that depth. If we double the estimate of depth we, of course, shall halve the estimate of area. It thus may be reduced to a mere matter of figures to show that the greater part of the superficies of Egypt to the north of the ancient site of Memphis, must have been raised above the level of the Mediterranean by the deposits of the Nile since the historic date of the founding of that city. The statement of Herodotus to that effect is thus fully verified by the measurements of Mr. Fowler.

At the time of the founding of Memphis, according to the statement recorded by the great historian, "except the Theban nomos, all Egypt was marsh, and none of those parts which now exist below Lake Mœris were above water." The area of the delta itself, between the two existing streams forming the Damietta and Rosetta mouths, is stated at something under two thousand square miles. But the area indicated by Herodotus amounts to at least four times that dimension, as fairly as it is possible to compute from the irregularities of the actual coast and internal lines. M. Lenthéric makes it amount to twenty-three hundred thousand hectares. We shall find good reason to conclude that in the time of Herodotus the outlines of the coast occupied a position intermediate between that maintained in the time of Menes and that which is represented on our last hydrographic survey.

The earliest Egyptian literature yet deciphered speaks of Memphis as a city. The hieroglyphic characteristic is a pyramid; and the name in the inscriptions is read by Dr. Birch as "the city of the Mennefer pyramid," or pyramids. The

word *men* means a port; although when it is used in that sense, it is usually accompanied by a determinative not employed in writing the name of Memphis. The meaning of the name *men nosre* may be fairly illustrated by the more modern names of Havre de Grace, or Portobello, or Newhaven.

Indeed, the foundation of a city at or near to the northern limit of the *terra firma* of Egypt suggests the establishment of a port, especially as the king to whom the choice of the site is attributed had his capital at Abydos. The hills now rising above the sand in the parallel of Memphis and of Suez, and the position of the pyramids, agree with the hypothesis that, at the early date in question, the statement made to Herodotus was accurately true, and that only marsh and occasional islets then presented any barrier between the Mediterranean and the Arabian Gulf.

Thus Herodotus is fully borne out in his assertion that the Egypt to which the Greeks of his time were in the habit of navigating was altogether made ground, and the gift of the river. If we understand him aright, he seems to intimate that a distance of seven days' sail from the sea to the vicinity of Lake Mœris, added to three days' sail further up the Nile, marked the extension of the Nile-formed land in his own time. There has been some difficulty in deciding on the actual distances which it was intended to define. He reckons in *schæni*, and says that each *schænus* was equal to sixty *stadia*. If these are to be regarded as Greek *stadia*, Herodotus would have overstated both the length and breadth of Egypt by about fifty per cent. But the words of the passage in question are, "And each *schænus*, being Egyptian measure, sixty *stadia*." If we understand that an Egyptian *stadium* is intended, we have to ascertain the length of that measure by the actual distance between the indicated points. As closely as these can be ascertained, the distances quoted are accurately proportioned to one another. The distance in longitude from the Plinianetian Bay to the Serbonian Bog is exactly proportionate to the distances in latitude from Elephantina to Thebes, and from Thebes to Heliopolis. As a fourth measurement of Herodotus is that from Heliopolis to the Sebennytic mouth of the Nile, we have here a measurement of the seaward extension of the delta in the last twenty-three hundred years.

The *schænus*, if we take the above distances as determinative, is a length of

three and one-fifth geographical miles, which is a unit very readily understood by those who are aware of the combination of divisions by 4, by 6, and by 10, which were used by the most ancient astronomers and geographers. Ptolemy, in the account of some of the ancient eclipses, which he gives in the Almagest, uses the Chaldean division of the day into 6 degrees, each consisting of 80 scruples. The number 96, or its double, 192, is one that constantly recurs in the Chaldean scale, and has the advantage of being divisible by 2, 3, 4, and 6. The *schænus*, according to this determination, contains 192 seconds of latitude; and the *stadium* is, consequently, equal to 98·77 metres. Jomard, in his "*Système Métrique des Egyptiens*," makes the *stadium* used by Aristotle, Herodotus, and Megasthenes 99·75 metres in length. The difference is not of sufficient magnitude to interfere with the present inquiry, but the lower determination is more accordant than the higher with the Chaldean system of measures.

The distance given by Herodotus from Elephantina to Thebes is thirty *schæni*, being equal, according to the above determination, to 96 geographical miles, which is in exact accordance with facts as can be required. From Thebes to Heliopolis the distance of 81 *schæni* gives 259·2 geographical miles. The position indicated for Heliopolis in modern maps is about six miles further north than the site thus fixed. But it is probable that the point indicated by Herodotus is that of the apex of the delta, or first bifurcation of the Nile. The occurrences of islands and loops of the river renders it difficult to indicate the exact head of the delta even at the present time. A spot four hundred kilometres to the north of the parallel of 30° is that which may be taken with the nearest approach to accuracy as the present position of the first division of the Nile into two main branches or channels; and this determination agrees so closely with that arrived at from the measurements given by Herodotus, that there can be but little doubt of the secular permanence of the true apex of the delta. The distance of thirty six *schæni*, or 112·2 geographical miles, from the Plinianetian Bay to the Serbonian Lake, is, again, as accurate as it is possible to determine. There remains a distance of twenty-one *schæni*, or 67·2 geographical miles, from Heliopolis to the Sebennytic mouth of the Nile. This would place the northward termination of the delta in the time of Herodotus in latitude 31° 8m. N., or thirty-three geograph-

ical miles southward of the existing coast-line, as laid down in Admiral Spratt's survey in 1858.

Against this very simple and consistent reading of the account given by the great historian, it has been attempted to adduce evidence from Strabo. The only pretext, however, for so doing is taken from an identification, which is altogether imaginary, of the ruins of the Bourg el Tineh, or the mounds of Faramah, with the ancient Pelusium. Admiral Spratt, in his "Investigation of the Effect of the Prevailing Wave Influence on the Nile Deposits," states that the name Faramah applies to the whole chain of mounds lying one and a half miles to the south-east of the Bourg el Tineh, and that they indicate the site of the city of Pharamia, of the times of the Crusades, a place which is mentioned in Michaud's "*Croisades*" as a distinct city from Pelusium. Tineh, indeed, is an Arabic word, signifying mud; and the name Pelusium is derived from a Greek word of the same meaning. On this coincidence (being only that of names which might with equal propriety apply to any buildings in a district won from the mud of the Nile) the attempted identification entirely hangs. Bourg el Tineh, however, is on the right bank of the ancient Pelusiac branch, according to Admiral Spratt's survey. Pelusium, according to the account given by Josephus of the march of Titus, was on the left bank of that stream. There is, moreover, a passage in Strabo which has not been hitherto cited, but which is in exact accordance with the position of the Sebennytic mouth fixed by Herodotus. This passage fixes the site of Pelusium at twenty-six *schani* from the apex of the delta; a distance which, considering the eastern inclination of the Pelusiac branch of the Nile, very accurately coincides with the previously quoted distance, stated by Herodotus, of twenty-one *schani* from Heliopolis to the Sebennytic mouth.

If we take, then, the ancient bifurcation of the Nile, or apex of the delta, at IIII *schani* from Elephantina, or in latitude 30° om. 12s. N., which is in accordance with the latest map, we find that the extension of the delta from the date of the commencement of this bifurcation, or approximately from the era of Menes to the time of Herodotus, was sixty-two geographical miles. The period of time indicated, according to the Egyptian chronology, was four thousand years. From the date of Herodotus to that of the survey of Admiral Spratt, during a period of

two thousand three hundred years, the growth of the delta has been thirty-three geographical miles. Considering that the northward growth of the delta must become slower as the coast-line advances to the northwards, it would be impossible to find a more satisfactory check on the original calculation.

An independent verification of the measurements of Herodotus may be obtained by a careful examination of the map of Egypt. The large map prepared by M. Linant de Bellefonds leaves, indeed, very much to be desired in the way of clearness of definition, which may be to a great extent the fault of the lithographer. It also possesses the grave defect of confusing hypothetical with actual determinatives, especially with regard to positions thought to be mentioned in the Pentateuch. But it is the best survey of Egypt yet attainable; and the observations for which we refer to it are far within any conceivable limit of error.

It will be readily seen that engineering works of such importance as the formation of an artificial channel for the Nile, are likely to leave an impress on the face of the country. The whole course of the river, as is the case in most unrestrained channels, is tortuous and irregular. An artificial channel would be naturally straight. It is known that the present Rosetta branch of the Nile is the ancient Bolbitic channel, being one of those which is described by Herodotus as artificial. We find, on the map, a length of some forty-four hundred metres, extending from the railway bridge at Zaiad to a point in lat. 31° om. 7s., which gives every sign of having been originally artificial. It is approximately straight, and wider than the sinuous portions of the river, which exist to the north and re-commence to the south of this part of the channel. Something of the same nature, though less distinct, may be traced in the parallel part of the Damietta branch, for a length of some thirty-eight hundred metres, terminating about 31° om. 3s. As Herodotus does not give the date of the excavation of either of these channels, it is not possible to state, on his authority, how far they must have terminated to the south of the latitude reached by the Sebennytic mouth in his day. It is certain that the latter was in the most advanced portion of the delta, and that the artificial mouths, when first opened, as being lateral, must have been to the south of the seaward head of the delta. A difference of six or seven miles, therefore, such as

actually exists between the latitude of the points indicated, brings us very close to what might have been expected. The difference at the present day between the lengths of the Rosetta and of the Damietta branches is given at eight miles.

Continuing to use round numbers, as being really the most suitable for a calculation of this approximate nature, we find that the waters of the Nile have been the means of raising above the level of the Mediterranean, in a period of sixty-three hundred years, an area of some eight thousand square miles. A square English mile, one yard thick, contains a little more than three million cubic yards. We have seen that the annual deposit of the Nile amounts to two hundred and forty million cubic yards. This would give an annual average increase of area of 1.27 miles, with a mean depth of deposit of sixty-one yards. In a boring made by Mr. Fowler at the east end of the Damietta barrage, the upper part of the ground consisted of brick earth, loam, and brown clay, to a depth of 11.4 metres, succeeded by ten metres of running sand and silt, and then by alternate layers of coarse running sand, coarse sand and gravel, dark silt, fine yellow silt, coarse running sand, and fine running sand and silt, to the total depth of thirty-seven metres. At this level no signs appeared of being near the bottom of the fluviatile deposit. At the distance of thirteen miles from the present coast-line, Admiral Spratt found the bottom of the Mediterranean to contain no trace of the Nile deposits, but to consist of pure sea productions, viz. pure coral, coral sand, and shells. The depth was thirty-one fathoms, or sixty-two yards—a very remarkable verification of the accuracy of the foregoing estimate. The actual encroachment of the shore at Port Said, between 1868 and 1873, has been at the rate of fifty-two yards per annum, notwithstanding the distance from the Damietta *embouchure* of the Nile, or more than double the mean annual encroachment of the delta since historic times.

It will be seen that we have been able to collect a series of data from widely differing sources, the results of which show an accordance that approaches very nearly to demonstration. The present outline of the Egyptian coast, together with the soundings, is taken from the reports of Admiral Spratt, R. N., in 1858. The positions of the apex of the delta, and of the Sebennytic mouth of the Nile, in the time of Herodotus, are referred to

actual latitudes by the distances given by that historian from Elephantina and from Thebes. The approximate position, four centuries later, of the Pelusiac mouth is given by Strabo. The quantity of solid material annually brought down by the Nile is ascertained by the admeasurements of Mr. Fowler. For the first time these various records have been compared, and they mutually vouch for each other's accuracy. It remains for us to inquire into the evidence that may be obtained as to the annual changes to which the coast of Egypt is subjected under the conditions actually existing at the present time.

The prevailing winds, and therefore the prevailing wave movement, off the coast of Egypt, are from the north, or northwest, according to the observations of Admiral Spratt. Off Alexandria the coast and shallows are rocky, and not sandy; the coast as far as Cyrene westward being formed of a rocky shore-line, broken into headlands, which are the spurs or salient bases of mountain ranges. Abukir Castle stands on the extremity of this rocky shore, on a spur of land which formerly jutted out as a natural mole into the sea, rising from fifty to one hundred feet above the water level. Westward of this natural groin the sea is deep, as well as unencumbered with sand; a depth of one hundred feet being attained within two miles of the shore. As soon, then, as the secular growth of the delta brought the apex of that formation northward of the shelter of the Abukir reef, the deposits at the mouths of the Nile became exposed to the full swell and current of the Mediterranean, and instead of being allowed to settle in comparatively still water, were each year more and more dispersed along the coast to the eastward, as far as the shore of Syria itself. Nor are they absolutely arrested by that shore. The sand, when dry, is blown up from the margin of the sea. In some places it accumulates in dunes. All along the coast, as far as Jaffa, it is steadily advancing on the land, where it is not encountered by fir plantations; and is overwhelming the beautiful gardens near that town (which were celebrated for their fertility as far back as the date of the eighteenth Egyptian dynasty), at the rate of a yard per annum.

The members of that pleasant excursion party which M. de Lesseps dignified by the name of the "International Commission," and hurried up the Nile and across the Isthmus of Suez as the guests of the

khedive, report that all the sands brought down by the Nile are deposited at its mouth; and that the advance of the latter is admitted to be not more than nine or ten feet per annum. This double assertion is simply puerile. Its entire inaccuracy is not matter of opinion. The charts and soundings taken by Admiral Spratt, Captain Nares, Colonel Stokes, and other officers, are so careful and exact, that the information which they convey can only be ignored by a very wilful and determined ignorance. As to the actual rate at which either the Damietta or the Rosetta branch now annually protrudes its *berge* of sand into the Mediterranean, it can only be accurately determined by the comparison of successive surveys, such as those which have been made around the locality of Port Said. But Admiral Spratt states that a tower which was situated at the mouth of the Foum el Farez, one of the principal *embouchures* of Lake Menzaleh, at the time of the French occupation of Egypt, is now fully half a mile from the sea, owing to the encroachment of the shore. Between the years 1868 and 1873, according to the report of Colonel Stokes,* the shore-line at Port Said has advanced seven hundred and eighty feet, being an encroachment on the sea at the rate of fifty-two yards per annum, or double our estimate of the secular average encroachment of the delta. In fact, the annual solid matter brought down by the Nile being an approximately constant quantity, a diminution of the advance of the delta at the *embouchures* of the river must be accompanied by an equivalent increase of the deposits in some part of the Mediterranean to the eastward of those *embouchures*.

The actual arrangement of the lagoons and strips or cordon of sand, which now form the greater portion of the seaboard along the entire coast-line of Egypt, is such as to indicate a considerable change in the littoral disposition of the deposits of the river since the formation of the last thirty or forty miles of its channel; or, indeed, since the time when it was allowed to form its own course in continuation of the two artificial outlets mentioned by Herodotus, which have become portions of the two main existing branches known as the Rosetta and Damietta channels. The sands brought down by the first-named of these branches have been swept to the eastward by the littoral current, so as to

form the cordon or belt of some forty miles long, which separates the lagoon called Lake Bourlos from the sea. A similar cordon, of equal length, stretching eastward from the Damietta mouth, forms the northern shore of Lake Menzaleh. To the east of the ruins of Bourg el Tineh, two parallel lagoons, extending for more than fifty miles from east to west, occupy the ancient position of the eastern part of the Pelusian bay. Over the entire district, the only part in which the delta has continued its original mode of solid growth, is within a range of some forty miles to the westward of the Damietta branch, an area which has been entirely filled up by the action of the now choked up Sebenytic branch of the seven-mouthed Nile.

The annual change that is taking place on the shore of Egypt is only partially to be appreciated by a map or bird's-eye view. It requires also to be measured by the sounding-line, and delineated on a properly constructed section or contoured chart. In the immediate neighborhood of Port Said this has been done. During the present year there has been presented to both Houses of Parliament, by command of her Majesty, a comparative plan, showing the decrease of depth seaward from Port Said, from 1869 to 1873, which was drawn up by Colonel Stokes, and transmitted by that officer to the Earl of Derby on November 11, 1874. This plan shows the soundings taken from the French survey, of 1869, in black; those of Captain Nares, in 1870, in blue; and those of Captain Wharton, in 1873, in red. Colonel Stokes reports that between the dates of the two last-named surveys more than five million cubic yards of solid matter have been thrown down between the present eighteen and thirty feet lines of soundings to the west of a line drawn in continuation of the west pier of Port Said. In that time the thirty-foot line has receded seawards twelve hundred yards on the prolongation of the west pier, in other places for more than that distance. Over a space of twelve hundred yards west to east, and eight hundred yards north to south, the depth has shoaled from five to eight feet between the thirty-foot line of 1870 and that of 1873.

This shoaling is probably local, being the direct effect of the check opposed to the littoral current by the pier of Port Said. But its magnitude is such as to intimate that the deposits of the Rosetta, as well as of the Damietta stream, are brought as far eastward as Port Said. If we suppose the volumes of the two branch-

* Egypt, No. 2. Correspondence respecting the Suez Canal. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty, 1876. (See Chart at p. 30.)

es to be approximately equal, and that the sand brought down by the Damietta mouth is gradually deposited by a littoral current of three miles wide over the one hundred and forty miles of coast to El Arish, we should not be able to anticipate a shoaling of more than from three to four inches per annum at a distance of forty miles from the *embouchure*, which is the distance of Port Said. We find, however, from actual survey, a deposit of from twenty to thirty-two inches per annum within half a mile from the shore; an advance of the thirty-foot line of soundings at the rate of four hundred yards and more, and an encroachment of the coast-line at the rate of fifty-two yards per annum. However narrowed be the area over which these changes are now actually in progress, they show the unabated activity of the mighty causes which have won the entire soil of Lower Egypt from the Mediterranean within the historic time that is covered by hieroglyphic inscriptions.

The secular changes in the face of Egypt comprise not only the advance of the shore-line into the Mediterranean, but a more or less imperceptible warping up of all the soil flooded by the Nile. The rise of the river itself, which was measured on a nilometer built into a wall at Elephantina, must be affected by the deposit on the face of the country below that spot. Herodotus states that in the reign of Mœris a Nile flood of eight cubits' rise inundated all Egypt below Memphis. The only difficulty in this passage is as to date. Herodotus says the priests told him that the reign in question was nine hundred years before his own time. That number of years, however, only reaches back to the reign of Ramses Miamoun, of the nineteenth dynasty. The formation of Lake Mœris is dated twelve hundred years before that reign; and the name Mœris is that of a monarch of the twelfth dynasty, which reigned from B.C. 2812 to B.C. 2599. The general phenomena of the increase of the delta are far more consistent with the earlier than with the later of the two dates thus intimated; that is to say, with the period of the twelfth rather than that of the nineteenth dynasty, as having witnessed so low a rise of the Nile, especially when we consider that from the time of Herodotus to our own, but little variation has occurred in this respect. A minimum rise of fifteen cubits was required, Herodotus says, to flood the country in his day. The statue of Nilus in the Vatican is encircled by sixteen *amorini*, symbolizing the sixteen cubits of rise which gave the

omen of a fertile season in the time of the thirty-third dynasty. The nilometer at Elephantina gives a cubit of twenty-one inches, making the sixteen-cubit flood show a rise of three hundred and thirty-six inches. During a period of sixteen years, according to the observations taken under the direction of Mr. Fowler, the average height of the flood was 6·87 metres, or 271·84 inches. The highest flood during this time was in 1874, when it rose 8·48 metres, or 335·25 inches, a very close reproduction of the sixteen cubits of the time of the Ptolemies. The lowest was in 1868, being only 5·87 metres, or 232·27 inches, which is yet sixty-four inches higher than the rise referred to the time of Mœris. It is certain that the less obstruction the flood met in its descent below Memphis, the less would be the height that it would maintain at that spot.

Mr. Horner endeavored to form a scale of the antiquity of the delta by sinking a shaft beside the statue of Rameses, and measuring the depth of made earth that had accumulated since the erection of that statue. If his conclusions as to the original level, which are quoted by Sir Charles Lyell, are accurate, the rise of soil at the base of the statue has occurred only at the rate of three and one-half inches per century. But Mr. Horner assumes that the ancient builders erected works of colossal magnitude on a site subject to annual inundation — a most improbable hypothesis. The true deduction to be drawn from the small accumulation above the platform of the statue is, that the low rise of the Nile referred by Herodotus to the time of Mœris had not been exceeded at the date when this sacred work was executed. Sir Charles Lyell estimates the rise at Elephantina at 5·3 inches, at Thebes at 4·9 inches and at Heliopolis at 4·1 inches, per century. In none of these estimates does there appear to have been due attention given to the fact that the quantity of the matter held in suspension by the Nile during its floods varies in proportion to the depth of water. The nearer the surface, or the shallower the water, the less the deposit. Thus, comparing equal heights of flood, less deposit would annually occur on higher than on lower ground, and less deposit on the same area year after year. Again, any obstructions that interfered with the flow of the flood would have a powerful influence on the depth of deposit. It is thus conceivable, or indeed certain, that while inches were deposited in certain localities, feet would be deposited in others in the same space

of time. It is desirable to exhaust all the means of comparison in a question of this magnitude. But actual experiments as to the deposit made from a given depth of flood water, like those of Mr. Fowler, must yield far more luminous results than casual observations, which estimate the amount of secular change without due consideration of all the conditions that may have affected the exact locality.

A historical inquiry of considerable interest is connected with the physical history of the Egyptian delta. Considerable discussion has arisen as to the track indicated by the book of Exodus as that taken by the Israelites in their flight from Egypt. The choice of route lies within narrower limits than might be assigned from a hasty view of the map. Through the Gulf of Suez itself, from within a short distance of its northern extremity, the channel has a depth of at least ten fathoms. The date of the exodus, according to the most careful comparison of the various indications given in the Pentateuch and historic Hebrew books, was in the year 1541 B.C.; which corresponds to the third year of the reign of King Thothmes IV., seventh king of the eighteenth dynasty. This monarch is spoken of in the inscriptions as the "tamer of the Syrian shepherds," an expression which may very well be taken for the Egyptian account of an event which the Jewish historian regarded from so different a point of view. At this time, according to the estimate above given of the growth of the delta, the seaward apex of that formation must have been about $30^{\circ} 54'$ of north latitude. The right bank or shore, (taking the delta as maintaining approximately a series of parallel outlines during its growth,) would have been somewhere near the spot now occupied by Ismailia. The space now covered by Lakes Menzaleh, Ballah, and Timpnah, and the intervening and neighboring marshy and sandy districts, must at that time either have been far below the level of the Mediterranean, or have been covered by lagoon and marsh, accessible to the waters of that sea, when driven by a westerly wind. On the right hand of the comparatively narrow isthmus then existing, the depression of the Bitter Lakes was, no doubt, connected with the Arabian Gulf. The main or even the entire distance which at that time divided the water of the Arabian Gulf from those of the Mediterranean may, therefore, be taken to correspond to the Ym Suph, or sea of reeds, of the Pentateuch: a term which was first erroneously translated by Erythian or Red

Sea, in the time of Ptolemy II., when the physical change which had gradually occurred in the isthmus had obscured the true meaning of the language of the book of Exodus, accordant as it is with that used by Herodotus.

On this view of the case (the accuracy of which can only be a question of detail), several expressions which have perplexed the students of the book of Exodus become perfectly clear and intelligible. When the flying bands, descending Wady Tomilat, which most Egyptologists identify with Goshen, arrived at the coast, the intention of their leader being to avoid the well-frequented track by the shore of Philistia, through the dominions of a people apt to arms, and experienced in resisting invasion from Egypt, the line of march was necessarily turned to the right. At nightfall, the people bivouacked on a grassy plain — the Coptic language yet preserves the word *pichairoth* with this signification, which is also that of the term used in the Septuagint version — between the Pharos, or watch-tower on the shore (Migdol), and the Temple of Typhon (Baal Zephon), which may readily be identified with the ruin known as the Serapeum. The prevalence during the night of a strong east wind — the Septuagint calls it a south wind, and St. Jerome, rather uncandidly, uses the participle *urens*, but all the expressions point to a wind from the south or east, or from the hot quarter, in fact to the commencement of the Khamaseen, for which the exact period had arrived — drove back the water in the lagoons connected with the Mediterranean. Those of the Arabian Gulf, and its connected lakes, must on the contrary have been raised by this wind; so that it is evident from which sea danger was to be apprehended. Through the very district of the Ym Suph, over the edge of or between the lagoons from which the water had been driven back by the force of the wind, the one body fled, and the other pursued. In the morning, the sea returned with a change of wind. The expression used by St. Jerome, *primo diluculo*, which has been followed in the "when the morning appeared" of the authorized version, is more correctly indicated by the Septuagint as meaning "towards the east," a phrase which corresponds to the previously described effect of the west wind in reducing the level of the water. Referring only to the physical phenomena indicated by the passage, the whole account is as clear and consistent, according to this view of the nature of the locality, as it is perplexing

and unintelligible if referred to a passage over the ten-fathom-deep channel of the Arabian Gulf, or even over the site of the Bitter Lakes at the head of that gulf, in the whole of which an easterly wind raises, and a westerly wind depresses, the level of the waters.

The map of Egypt by M. Linant de Bellefonds, to which reference was previously made, inserts imaginary stations on the march of the Israelites with no less precision than it indicates the sites of existing structures. It has the misfortune to define the point of the crossing the isthmus by Moses as between the Bitter Lakes and the present head of the Gulf of Suez; a position for the selection of which no distinct reason can be adduced, and which is liable to the fatal objection that a westerly or southerly wind would raise the waters, instead of depressing them, as described in the Pentateuch. If Josephus drew on other sources than his imagination in describing the mountain which shut in the line of march, he may have very well referred to the plateau of El Guisr, in which the ruin of the Serapeum is found. Every expression used with reference to the exodus is consistent with the idea of a passage through the reedy marshes between the Mediterranean and the Arabian Gulf lagoons, which would have protected either flank of the expedition, and thus made the waters, in the language of the country, a wall to the fugitives on either hand. The identification of the Ym Suph with the Gulf of Suez, is not only entirely imaginative, but is a leap in the dark which can only throw undue discredit on a venerable record, the true sense of which had become obscured, by the date of the translation in the time of Ptolemy II., by the physical changes of the locality.

Egypt at the present hour is thus far what she was sixty-three hundred years ago. She is at once one of the best practical schools which can be found for the engineer, and one of the localities where the skill of the engineer can most richly augment the products of nature. The first great work of which the oldest tradition embalmed in the pages of Herodotus gives note was one almost identical in its nature with one of the last undertaken by a Mussulman prince. The dam which Menes is related to have built across the Nile cannot have been placed in a very different situation from that which was selected by the engineers of Mehemet Ali. The actual distance between the two stations appears to be about fifteen miles; and an engineering reason for the change may be

found in the higher level now attained by the Nile flood, in consequence of the growth of the delta during a period of sixty-three hundred years. The Nile formerly flowed close to the western suburbs and gardens of Cairo, from which it is now from half a mile to a mile distant. The plain of Boolak, seven miles long, and at least a mile and a half wide, is said in the notes to Lane's "Modern Egyptians" to have been formed within a period of two hundred years. Thus, independently of the general encroachment of Egypt on the sea, local displacements and changes, so easy to be effected in an alluvial soil of one hundred feet in depth, have advanced at a rapid pace. It is only by the remains of human work, or by the occurrence of solid rocks, which formerly were islands, that any ancient sites can now be positively identified in Lower Egypt. But between the character of the engineering works of the early Thinite dynasties, and those of the Moslem viceroy, there is that difference which exists between the labor of men and the petulant toil of children. The former built, if not for eternity, yet for a duration to be measured by millenniums. The latter, by a barbaric impatience, so hurried the work undertaken for barring the Nile, in 1847, that the rise of fifteen feet which it was intended thus to secure has never been approached. The utmost difference in level for which the engineers have dared to trust to the strength of the dam is under six feet; and no doubt is entertained that the head of water would blow up the dam and destroy all the work of the barrage long before it rose to the moderate height originally anticipated. Thus a work which is admirable in design, and accordant with the most ancient tradition of the former grandeur of the country, has proved little more than a ridiculous failure; and that not so much in consequence of the want of professional skill, as owing to the barbarism of the government of Egypt.

That enormous wealth might be drawn from the delta by well-executed works of irrigation, there is not a shadow of a doubt. Sugar, cotton, rice, and indigo, for which the climate of Egypt is suited, are summer crops, and cannot be raised there without irrigation. The summer discharge of the Nile is as low as forty million cubic yards of water per diem. There are three and a half millions of acres of cultivable land in Lower Egypt, out of which only about one fourteenth part is irrigated by the rude chain pumps, worked by oxen, which are known by the name of *sakiehs*.

Twenty-six cubic yards of water per acre per diem are required for the irrigation of land producing summer crops, and rice requires nearly three times that supply. The former quantity is about equal to a daily rainfall of one-fifth of an inch. The irrigation of a million of acres would consume more than half the volume of the Nile at its lowest, and it may be very questionable how far it would be practically safe to abstract so large a quantity of water from the channel during the dry season immediately preceding the inundation.

The volume of the river must also place a limit to such an effort to restore the fertility of the district above the cataracts, as may otherwise be considered to be within the reach of engineering science. It is probable that the effect of earthquakes in destroying the natural barriers of the cataracts, has tended to the desolation of Nubia. Measurements on the face of the rock at Semneh, above the second cataract, prove the rupture of a great barrier across the river lower down at some period later than the twentieth century B.C. Sir Gardner Wilkinson is of opinion that this barrier existed at Silsilis. From this point to the delta the Nile continually diminishes in volume by evaporation. The supply needed for irrigation above this spot might have been far more readily spared three thousand to four thousand years ago, when the delta had attained only about a third part of its actual area before Memphis, than would now be the case. But in regarding the possible advantages to be drawn from the barrage of the stream, attention should not be exclusively confined to the delta. The effect of well-designed works in the vicinity of the cataracts is a subject well worth the attention of the government of Egypt.

Whatever view be taken of the best method of utilizing the annual bounty of the Nile, the fact of the great amount of deposit which it annually brings down is one that can no longer be matter of doubt. It is possible that the foregoing estimate may require some correction. It is, however, based on positive data; and the accordance between the cubic quantities estimated by Mr. Fowler, and the successive boundaries of the delta indicated by Herodotus, by Strabo, and by Admiral Spratt, is so close as to show that there cannot be any very serious error in either statement. That the seaward extension of the delta has of late years been but small, in consequence of the protrusion of the coast being diminished by the east-

ward movement of the deposit caused by the prevailing currents, after the shelter of Aboukir Point was lost, is probable enough. The form of the cordons joining the lagoons is conclusive as to the character of this littoral movement. The surveys of Captain Nares and Captain Wharton tell us of its effect on the neighborhood of Port Said. It is high time that it should be generally known that the results of the observations of these able hydrographers have been reduced to definite form, and that the question of the encroachment of the shore at Port Said has been removed from the category of subjects on which it is possible for educated men to hold widely divergent opinions.

We have no space to refer to the observations of Admiral Spratt on the growth of the delta of the Danube; a matter of no small European interest. We must be content if we have been able to call the attention of the engineer, the hydrographer, and the geographer to the activity and importance of the changes which river action is at this moment effecting; and to the need of collecting full and adequate observations on the various elements requisite for the solution of the general problem. The areas of watershed basins, the amount of rainfall, the inclination of the zone of erosion, the measurement of the volume of the river at its mouth, the quantity of solid matters held in solution or suspension in its waters throughout the year, the growth of deltas and cordons as ascertained by actual survey — such are the points which it is useful to study, and we hope that every fresh occasion may be seized to add exact information to our knowledge of them.

From *The Examiner.*
GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.
AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

THE MEMBER FOR BALLINASCROON.

In the first-floor room of a small house in Piccadilly a young man of six-and-twenty or so was busily writing letters. By rights the room should have been a drawing-room — and a woman might have made of it a very pretty drawing-room indeed; but there were no flowers or trailing creepers in the small balcony; there were no lace curtains to prevent the sun-

light streaming through the open French windows full on the worn and faded carpet; while this half study, half parlor, had scattered about in it all the signs of a bachelor's existence in the shape of wooden pipes, time-tables, slippers, and the like. When the letters were finished the writer struck a bell before him on the table. His servant appeared.

"You will post those letters, Jackson," said he, "and have a hansom ready for me at 3.15."

"Yes, sir," said the man; and then he hesitated. "Beg your pardon, sir, but the gentlemen below are rather impatient, sir—they are a little excited, sir."

"Very well," said the young man, carelessly. "Take my bag down. Stay, here are some papers you had better put in."

He rose and went to get the papers—one or two thin blue-books and some drafted bills—and now one may get a better look at the member for Ballinascroon. He was not over five feet eight; but he was a bony, firm-framed young man, who had much more character than prettiness in his face. The closely-cropped beard and whiskers did not at all conceal the lines of strength about his cheek and chin; and the shaggy, dark-brown eyebrows gave shadow and intensity to the shrewd and piercing grey eyes. It was a face that gave evidence of keen resolve, of ready action, of persistence. And although young Balfour had the patient and steady determination of the Scotch—or, let us say, of the Teuton—as part of his birthright, and although even that had been overlaid by the reticence of manner and the gentleness—the almost hesitating gentleness—of speech of an Oxford don, any one could see that there was something Celtic-looking about the grey eyes and the heavy eyebrows, and every one who knew Balfour knew that sometimes a flash of vehement enthusiasm, or anger, or scorn, would break through that suavity of manner which some considered to be just a trifle too perfidious.

On this occasion, Hugh Balfour, having made all the preparations for his departure which he considered to be necessary, went down-stairs to the large room on the ground floor. There was a noise of voices in that apartment. As he entered, these angry sounds ceased; he bowed slightly, went up to the head of the room, and said, "Gentlemen, will you be seated?"

"Sorr," said a small man, with a large

chest, a white waistcoat, and a face pink with anger or whiskey, or both, "sorr, 'tis twenty-three minutes by my watch ye have kept us waiting —"

"I know," said the young man, calmly; "I am very sorry. Will you be good enough to proceed to business, gentlemen?"

Thus admonished, the spokesman of the eight or ten persons in the room addressed himself to the speech which he had obviously prepared. But how could he, in the idyllic seclusion of the back-parlor of a Ballinascroon public-house, have anticipated and prepared for the interruptions falling from a young man who, whether at the Oxford Union or at St. Stephen's, had acquired a pretty fair reputation for saying about the most irritating and contemptuous things that could vex the soul of an opponent?

"Sorr," said the orator, swelling out his white waistcoat, "the gentlemen" (he said gentlemen, but never mind) "the gentleman who are with me this day are a deputation, a deputation, sorr, of the electors of the borough of Ballinascroon, which you have the honor to represent in Parliament. We held a meeting, sorr, as you know. You were invited to attend that meeting. You refused to attend that meeting—although it was called to consider your conduct as the representative of the borough of Ballinascroon."

Mr. Balfour nodded: this young man did not seem to be much impressed by the desperate nature of the situation.

"And now, sorr," continued the orator, grouping his companions together with a wave of his hand, "we have come as a deputation to lay before you certain facts which your constituents, sorr, hope will induce you to take that course—the only course, I may say—that an honorable man could follow."

"Very well."

"Sorr, you are aware that you succeeded the Honorable Oliver Glynne in the representation of the borough of Ballinascroon. You are aware, sorr, that when Mr. Glynne contested the borough, he spent no less than 10,800*l.* in the election —"

"I am quite aware of these facts," interrupted Balfour, speaking slowly and clearly. "I am quite aware that Mr. Glynne kept the whole constituency drunk for three months. I am quite aware that he spent all that money; for I don't believe there was a man of you came out of the election with clean hands. Well?"

The orator was rather disconcerted, and

gasped a little; but a murmur of indignant repudiation from his companions nerved him to a further effort.

"Sorr, it ill becomes you to bring such charges against the borough that has placed you in Parliament, and against the man who gave you his seat. Mr. Glynn was a gentleman, sorr; he spent his money like a gentleman; and when he was unseated" (he said unsated, but no matter) "it was from no regard for you, sorr, but from our regard for him that we returned you to Parliament, and have allowed you to sit there, sorr, until such times as a general election will enable us to send the man of our true choice to represent us at St. Stephen's."

There was a loud murmur of approval.

"I beg your pardon," said Balfour. "I must correct you on one point. You don't allow me to sit in Parliament. I sit there out of my own choice. You would turn me out if you could to-morrow; but you see you can't."

"I consider, sorr, that in that shameless avowal —"

Here there was a flash of light in those grey eyes; but the indiscreet orator did not observe it.

"You have justified the action we have taken in calling on a public meeting to denounce your conduct as the representative of Ballinascroon. Sorr, you are not the representative of Ballinascroon. I will make bold to say that you are sitting in the honorable House of Commons under false pretences. You neglect our interests. You treat our communications, our remonstrances, with an insulting indifference. The cry of our fellow-countrymen in prison — political prisoners in a free country, sorr — is nothing to you. You allow our fisheries to dwindle and disappear for want of that help which you give freely enough to your own country, sorr. And on the great question that is making the pulse of Ireland beat as it has never beaten before, that is making her sons and her daughters curse the slavery that binds them in chains of iron, sorr, you have treated us with ridicule and scorn. When Mr. O'Byrne called upon you at the Reform Club, sorr, you walked past him, and told the menial in livery to inform him that you were not in the club. Is that the conduct of a member of the honorable House of Commons, sorr? Is it the conduct of a gentleman?"

Here arose another murmur of approval. Balfour looked at his watch.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am sorry I must leave you at 3.15; my train goes at

3.30 from Paddington. Do I understand you that that is all you have to say?"

Here there were loud cries of "No! no! Resign! resign!"

"Because I don't think it was worth your while to come all the way to London to say it. I read it every week in the columns of that delightful print, the *Ballinascroon Sentinel*. However, you have been very outspoken; and I shall be equally frank. You can't have all the frankness your side, you know. Let me say, then, that I don't care a brass farthing what any meeting in Ballinascroon thinks, or what the whole of the three hundred and eighty electors think about me. I consider it a disgrace to the British Constitution that such a rotten and corrupt constituency should exist. Three hundred and eighty electors — a population of less than five thousand — and a man spends close on 11,000/- in contesting the place! Disfranchisement is too good for such a hole: it should be burned out of the political map. And so you took me as a stopgap. That was how you showed your gratitude to Mr. Glynn — who was a young man, and a foolish young man, and allowed himself to be led by your precious electoral agents. Of course I was to give up the seat to him at the next general election. Very well, I have no objection to that: that is a matter between him and me; though I fancy you'll find him just as resolved as myself not to swallow your Home Rule bolus. But, as between you and me, the case is different. You wished to make use of me: I have made use of you. I have got into the House; I have learnt something of its ways; I have served so far a short apprenticeship. But do you think that I am going to give up my time, and my convictions, to your wretched projects? Do you think I would bolster up your industries, that are dwindling only through laziness? Do you think that I am going to try to get every man of you a post or a pension? Gracious heavens! I don't believe there is a man-child born in the town but you begin to wonder what the government will do for him. The very stones of Westminster Hall are saturated with Irish brogue; the air is thick with your clamor for place. No — no, thank you; don't imagine I am going to dip my hands into that dirty water. You can turn me out at the end of this Parliament — I should have resigned my seat in any case — but until that time I am Hugh Balfour, and not at all your very obedient servant."

For the moment his Celtic pulse had got

the better of his Saxon brain. The deputation had not at all been prepared for this scornful outburst; they had expected to enjoy a monopoly of scolding. Ordinarily, indeed, Hugh Balfour was an extremely reticent man; some said he was too proud to bother himself into a passion about anything or anybody.

"Sorr," said the pink-faced orator, with a despairing hesitation in his voice, "after the language—after the language, sorr, which we have just heard, my friends and myself have but one course to pursue. I am astonished—I am astounded, sorr—that, holding such opinions of the borough of Ballinascreen as those you have now expressed, you should continue to represent that borough in Parliament —"

"I beg your pardon," said Balfour, with his ordinary coolness, and taking out his watch, "if I must interrupt you again. I have but three minutes left. Is there anything definite that you wish to say to me?"

Once more there was a murmuring chorus of "Resign! resign!"

"I don't at all mean to resign," said Balfour, calmly.

"Sorr, it is inconceivable," began the spokesman of the party, "that a gentleman should sit in Parliament to represent a constituency of which he has such opinions as those that have fallen from you this day —"

"I beg your pardon; it is not at all inconceivable; it is the fact. What is more, I mean to represent your precious borough until the end of the present Parliament. You will be glad to hear that that end may be somewhat nearer than many people imagine; and again the bother comes from your side of the water. Since the government were beaten on their Irish Universities Bill they have been in a bad way—there is no doubt of it. Some folks say there will be a dissolution in the autumn. So you see there is no saying how soon you may get rid of me. In that case, will you return Mr. Glynne?"

Again there was a murmur; but scarcely an intelligible one.

"I thought not. I fancied your gratitude for the 11,000*l.* would not last as long. Well, you must try to find a Home Rule candidate who will keep the town drunk for three months at a stretch. Meantime, gentlemen, I am afraid I must bid you good morning."

He rang the bell.

"Cab there, Jackson?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good morning, gentlemen."

With that the deputation from Ballinascreen were left to take their departure at their own convenience; their representative in Parliament driving off in a hansom to Paddington Station.

He had scarcely driven away from the door when his thoughts were occupied by much more important affairs. He was a busy man. The deputation could lie by as a joke.

Arrived at the station, Balfour jumped out, bag in hand, and gave the cabman eighteen-pence.

"What's this, sir?" the man called out, affecting to stare at the two coins.

Balfour turned.

"Oh," said he, innocently, "have I made a mistake? Let me see. You had better give me back the sixpence."

Still more innocently the cabman—never doubting but that a gentleman who lived in Piccadilly would act as such—handed him the sixpence, which Balfour put in his pocket.

"Don't be such a fool next time," said he, as he walked off to get his ticket.

He had a couple of minutes to spare, and after having taken his seat, he walked across the platform to get an evening paper. He was met by an old college companion of his.

"Balfour," said he, "I wanted to see you. You remember that tall waiter at the Oxford and Cambridge—the one who got ill—had to give up —"

"And you got him into some green-grocery business or other. Yes."

"Well, he is desperately ill now, and his affairs are at the worst. His wife doesn't know what to do. I am getting up a little subscription for her. I want a couple of guineas from you."

"Oh," said Balfour, somewhat coldly. "I rather dislike the notion of giving money to these subscriptions, without knowing something of the case. I have known so many dying people get rapidly better after they got a pension from the Civil List, or a donation from the Literary Fund, or a purse from their friends. Where does the woman live?"

"Three, Marquis Street, Lambeth."

"Take your seats, please!"

So these two parted; and Balfour's acquaintance went back to the carriage, in which he had left his wife and her sisters, and to these he said,—

"Did you ever know anything like the meanness of these Scotch? I have just met that fellow Balfour—he has thirty

thousand a year if he has a penny—and I couldn't screw a couple of guineas out of him for a poor woman whose husband is dying. Fancy! Now I can believe all the stories I have heard of him within the last year or two. He asks men to dinner; has champagne on the sideboard; pretends he is so busy talking politics that he forgets all about it; his guests have to content themselves with a glass of sherry, while he has a little claret and water. He hasn't a cigar in the house. He keeps one horse, I believe—an old cob—for pounding up and down in Hyde Park of a morning; but on his thirty thousand a year he can't afford himself a brougham. No wonder those Scotch fellows become rich men, I have no doubt his father began with picking up pins in the street."

Quite unconscious of having provoked all this wrathful animadversion, Balfour was already deeply immersed in certain Local Taxation Bills he had taken out of his bag. Very little did he see of the beautiful landscapes through which the train whirled on that bright and glowing afternoon; although, of course, he had a glance at Pangbourne; that was something not to be missed even by a young and enthusiastic politician. At the Oxford Station he was met by a thin, little, middle-aged man, with a big head and blue spectacles. This was the Rev. Henry Jewsbury, M.A., and fellow of Exeter.

"Well, Balfour, my boy," called out this clergyman, in a rich and jovial voice which startled one as it came from that shrunken body, "I am glad to see you. How late you are! You'll just be in time to dine in hall: I will lend you a gown."

"All right. But I must send off a telegram first."

He went to the office. This was the telegram:—*H. Balfour, Exeter College, Oxford, to E. Jackson, — Piccadilly, London. Go to three, Marquis' Street, Lambeth; make inquiries if woman in great distress. Give ten pounds. Make strict inquiries.*

"Now, Jewsbury, I am with you. I hope there are no men coming to your rooms to-night; I want to have a long talk with you about this Judicature business. Yes, and about something more important even than that."

The Rev. Mr. Jewsbury looked up.

"The fact is," said the young man, with a smile, "I have been thinking of getting married."

From The Church Quarterly Review.
LIFE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.*

BY RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

THE production of a biography in a series of single volumes would not commonly be a safe experiment on the appetite or patience of the public. But, in the present instance, reliance may be placed upon an interest sustained and stimulated by the reason of the case. The whole career of the prince consort, and the free exhibition of the life of the sovereign and the surroundings of the throne, which it has drawn with it, form a picture which must be interesting, so long as Britons conceive their monarchy to be a valuable possession; and must be edifying, so long as they are capable of deriving benefit from the contemplation of virtue thoroughly "breathed" with activity, guided by intelligence, and uplifted into elevated station as a mark for every eye. Mr. Martin's handiwork is well known to the world. It neither calls for criticism, nor stands in need of commendation by way of advertisement. In producing all that can give interest to his subject, free scope seems to have been judiciously allowed him. In one respect only, so far as we can judge, he has been rather heavily weighted in running his race. Perhaps with a view to gratifying the taste of royal and ex-royal readers from Germany, he has found it needful to carry his readers somewhat freely into the labyrinthine details of German politics during the years 1848-50, when the empire was in embryo, and when the attitudes of the various powers and influences at work were imperfectly developed, and for the most part neither dignified nor becoming. The prince took an active, almost an officious, but a thoroughly patriotic, interest in them; and if he did not find a clew to guide him through the windings, or disclose any signal gift of political prophecy in what he wrote, he, at least, set a good example in his disposition to cast aside the incumbrances of dynastic prejudice, and hold language which had justice and liberality for its rule. It may seem singular, but we take it to be the fact, that he applies a stronger and sharper insight to the Eastern question, as it emerged in 1853, than to the problems offered to his notice by the land of his birth.

The main interest, however, of this

* *Life of the Prince Consort.* By THODORE MARSHALL. Vol. II. London, 1876.

biography, which is, we believe, to secure for it a place in our permanent literature, will not, perhaps, be found to lie so much in the treatment of this or that current question of its time, as in the figure and character of the man, as a man, who is its subject, in the light it throws upon the difficult question of his position as a prince consort, and in the contribution it supplies towards defining that important position for the future as well as for the past.

The excellence of the prince's character has become a commonplace, almost a by-word, among us. It is easy to run round the circle of his virtues: difficult to find a point at which the line is not continuous. He was without doubt eminently happy in the persons who principally contributed from without to develop his capacities, and determine his mental and moral, as well as his exterior, life; namely, in his uncle, his tutor, and his wife. But how completely did the material answer to every touch that it received; how full, round, and complete it was, as a sculpture; how perseveringly and accurately did the prince apply a standing genial conception of duty and action to the rapid stream, it might be said, the torrent, of the daily details of life; how much of interest—amidst incessant action, and without the tranquillity necessary for systematic thought—he presents to the class who have no taste for mere action, to the philosophic student; how nearly the life approximates to an ideal; how it seems to lay the foundations for a class and succession of men, if only men could be found good enough, and large enough, to build themselves upon it! Mr. Martin has been impugned by an acute writer* for the uniformity of his laudatory tones. Now, doubtless, it would be too much to expect a drastic criticism of the prince's intellect in a work produced under the auspices of an adoring affection; but an honest impartiality prompts us to ask whether in the ethical picture here presented to us there really is any trait that calls for censure. If there is anything in the picture of the prince that directly irritates the critical faculty, is it not

That fine air,
That pure severity of perfect light,†
which was insipid to Queen Guinevere in
the heyday of her blood, but to which she
did homage when the equilibrium of her
nature was restored?

There can be little doubt that the prince

will be remembered in future generations with something quite different from that formal and titular remembrance, which belongs to his rank in its relation to the throne, and which is accorded to Prince George of Denmark. There has not yet been time to determine his exact place among the inheritors of renown, fulfilled or unfulfilled. The silly importunity which has urged Pope Pius IX. to dub himself "the Great" was doubly wrong: wrong, as we think, in urging him to clutch at what he will never get: wrong, beyond all question, in requiring him to fabricate at a stroke a title which has not, and, from its nature, cannot have, yet incurred: inasmuch as it can only be conferred by the general sense of an impartial, that is, a succeeding age.* For it is thus alone that the phrase acquires its dignity: *securus judicat orbis terrarum*; manufactured by a contemporary clique, it is entitled to no more respect than the forged antiquities, which are daily passed off upon the ravenous appetite of collectors. All that we can venture in this case to propound is, that, with every fresh gush of light upon the prince's personal history, there is a corresponding growth in his claims to admiration and celebrity, and an intimation of his finally taking a higher rather than a lower place among the departed sons of fame.

At the same time, it would probably be too much to hope that the third volume of Mr. Martin will raise the prince above the second, as the second has, we think, raised him above the first. The period of the Great Exhibition of 1851, which entailed upon him arduous and constant labor, was probably the climax of his career. This narrative appears to establish his title to the honors of its real origination.† Its nearest analogue in past history would appear to have been the Frankfurt fair of the sixteenth century. The mischievous system of narrowing the usefulness of commerce for mankind by what was called protection had not then been methodized; and the productions of different countries, where adequate channels were open, flowed by a natural process to a common centre. But great discoveries are commonly to be found in germ, either unobserved or imperfectly developed, long before their publication, which marks the stage of maturity in their idea, and makes them part of the general property of mankind. So came the printing-press, so

* *Nonconformist*, Dec. 9, 1876.

† Tennyson's "Guinevere."

* Shelley's "Adonais."

† Chap. xxxv., vol. ii. 223-5.

came the steam-engine; and, in this sense, when on July 30, 1849, twenty-one months before the opening, the prince propounded at Buckingham Palace his conception of the Great Exhibition, as it might be, to four members of the Society of Art, he established his title to the practical authorship of a no small design. In it were comprised powerful agencies tending to promote the great fourfold benefit of progress in the industrial arts, of increased abundance or diminished stint of the means of living among men, of pacific relations between countries founded on common pursuits, and of what may be termed free trade in general culture.

It was a great work of peace on earth: not of that merely diplomatic peace which is honeycombed with suspicion, which bristles with the apparatus and establishments of war on a scale far beyond what was formerly required for actual belligerence, and which is potentially war, though still on the tiptoe of expectation for an actual outbreak. It was a more stable peace, founded on social and mental union, which the exhibition of 1851 truly, if circuitously, tended to consolidate. And if, in the quarter of a century which has since elapsed, counter-influences have proved too strong for the more beneficial agencies, let us recollect that many of the wars which have since occurred have been in truth constructive wars, and have given to Europe the hope of a more firmly knit political organization; and that, even if this had not been so, the influences of theory and practice associated with the Great Exhibition would still have earned their title to stand along with most other good influences in the world, among things valuable but not sufficient.

During the last decade, however, of his years, from 1852 to 1861, wars, as well as rumors of wars, became the engrossing topic of life and thought to many a mind which, if governed by its own promptings, by the true direction and demand of its nature, would have battened only on the pastures of national union and concord. The Crimean War,—with its fore and after shadows, began early in 1853, and closed in 1856; it was followed by the Indian Mutiny, and this by the French war panic of 1858–60, which, more than any other cause, encouraged as it was by no small authorities, altered the disposition of the British people in a sense favorable to, and even exigent of, enlarged military and naval establishments. This, we think, was a great misfortune to the prince, in regard both to the mental movement which

required a congenial atmosphere and exercise, and to the eventual greatness which was its natural result. He was properly, and essentially, a man of peace. The natural attitude of his mind was not that of polemical action, but of tranquil, patient, and deliberate thought. It was as a social philosopher and hero that he was qualified to excel, rather than as a political or military athlete. It is true, indeed, that the searching fire of continual struggle educated those royal personages, whose destiny in other days or other lands has lain beyond the precincts of the constitutional system. But it is the very pith and essence of that system to remove from sovereigns, and to lay upon their recognized and official servants, the heavier portions of that responsibility and strain, under which a governing will, lodged in a few human brains, or in one only, takes up into itself, and directs, while controlling, the collected force of an entire community. Doubtless even now royalty—we speak of constitutional royalty—acts out in idea, with a certain reality, the contentions which it observes and superintends, and with which at particular points it may actually intermix; but, as a rule, its share in them is an indirect and mediate share. Princes are rather moons than suns in the political firmament; and the tranquil atmosphere in which they dwell, while more favorable in some of its aspects to a reflective and impartial habit of mind, is not calculated to foster the strongest tissue, or develop the hardest forms, of character. While the peers of England are more remote than the Parliamentary commoners from living contact with the great seething mass of a highly vitalized community, and while the popular House must, with all its faults, remain, so long as the Constitution keeps its balance, our highest school of statesmanship, so the throne, though vexed more than enough with labors and with worries of its own, yet in relation to the sea of political strife, remains sheltered within an inner and landlocked haven, and the mental habits which it tends to generate will be less masculine though more amiable accordingly.

If there is force in these remarks, they will apply scarcely more to a constitutional sovereign, than to one who attained to such a degree of moral and mental identification with the greatest of all constitutional sovereigns as did the prince consort. They have also a peculiar and individual application to a mind, the rich gifts of which were not wayward and unruly, but

fitted themselves at every point into the mould supplied for them by his position, and became in consequence an admirable and typical example of what that position, genially apprehended and employed, is calculated to produce.

In this view, those who most highly estimate the prince's work may well regret that the line of mental movement represented by the Great Exhibition came soon to be deflected towards a different region of human activity. In that region, mankind at large is at once excited and morally enfeebled by rivalries and conflicts hardly ever in their outset generous, and marred from the beginning of the world by their tendency to degenerate, from their first intentions, in the direction of more violent and wide-sweeping passions, more greedy selfishness, and deadlier feuds.

A parallel may be drawn between the prince consort and Mr. Pitt, in regard to one striking characteristic of their respective careers. They were both men loving peace. Each of them began, very early in life, to hold a position of high command, and of profound importance to the public welfare, in the midst of pacific ideas, plans, and expectations. Each of them achieved a reputation of the highest order in connection with this line of thought and action. Upon each of them, and singularly enough upon each of them at the age of thirty-three, there fell what, but for the knowledge that in all mysteries of our life there lies hid but a deeper and larger providence, we might call an ugly trick of fortune; an imperious change, not in the man, but in external circumstances which overrule the man, and which carry him, perforce, out of a work well beloved, and more than well begun, into a place and function of opposite conditions, less congenial, and less adapted to favor the development of his character, by leading him up to the highest point of its capacity. Before 1853, England had only to look with sympathy upon the sufferings and disorders of the Continent, while she watched and made provision for her own internal condition. But from that day until the sad day of the prince's death, she was ever in actual struggle, or in anticipation of struggles deemed probable; and this great change in the nature of the cares and occupations offered to the prince, the normal bill of fare, so to speak, made ready for him, was to him very much what the Revolutionary War was to Mr. Pitt. With a difference indeed of degree, for the prince was not overweighted and absorbed, as Mr. Pitt was from 1793 on-

wards; but, with an identity of general outline, each of these changes broke up the perfect harmony that subsisted between the man and his occupation, and probably abstracted something from the ultimate claims of each to pre-eminent renown.

The prince's life from day to day was, however, not a life fashioned by haphazard, but one determined by conscientious premeditation. What he said, he had usually written; what he did, he had projected. When an important subject presented itself, his tendency and practice was to throw his thoughts on it into shape, and to harmonize its practical bearings with some abstract principle. Though a short, it was a very full and systematic life. So regarding it, we may say that his marital relation to the sovereign found a development outwards in three principal respects. First, that of assistance to the queen in her public or political duties. Secondly, in the government of the court and household. Thirdly, in a social activity addressed to the discovery of the wants of the community, and reaching far beyond the scope of Parliamentary interference, as well as to making provision for those wants, by the force of lofty and intelligent example, and of moral authority.

The public mind had for the moment lost its balance at the particular juncture, when for the first time the intervention of the prince in public affairs became a subject of animadversion. It was at the beginning of 1854, during the crisis of expectation before the Crimean War, the calm that precedes the hurricane. A very short time, and a single day of explanations from Lord Aberdeen and Lord Russell, then the leaders of the two Houses of Parliament, sufficed to set right a matter which we now wonder that any should have had either the will or the power to set wrong. It was a matter of course that the queen's husband should be more or less her political adviser; it would have been nothing less than a violence done to nature if with his great powers and congenial will, any limits had been placed upon the relations of confidence between the two, with respect to any public affairs whatsoever. Had he been an inferior person, his interference would doubtless have been limited by his capacity. But, he being, as he was, qualified to examine, comprehend, and give counsel, the two minds were thrown into common stock, and worked as one. Nay, it does not even seem easy to limit the sovereign's right

of taking friendly counsel by any absolute rule to the case of a husband. If it is the queen's duty to form a judgment upon important proposals submitted to her by her ministers, she has an indisputable right to the use of all instruments which will enable her to discharge that duty with effect; subject always, and subject only, to the one vital condition that they do not disturb the relation, on which the whole machinery of the Constitution hinges, between those ministers and the queen. She cannot, therefore, as a rule, legitimately consult in private on political matters with the party in opposition to the government of the day; but she will have copious public means, in common with the rest of the nation, for knowing their general views through Parliament and the press. She cannot consult at all, except in the strictest secrecy: for the doubts, the misgivings, the inquiries, which accompany all impartial deliberation in the mind of a sovereign as well as of a subject, and which would transpire in the course of promiscuous conversation, are not matters fit for exhibition to the world. The dignity of the crown requires that it should never come into contact with the public, or with the cabinet, in mental dishabille; and that its words should be ripe, well-considered, few. For like reasons, it is plain that the sovereign cannot legitimately be in confidential communication with many minds. Nor, again, with the representatives of classes or professions as such, for their views are commonly narrow and self-centred, not freely swayed, as they ought to be, by the paramount interests of the whole body politic. We have before us, in these pages, a truly normal example of a personal counsellor of the queen for public affairs in her husband; and another, hardly less normal, in Baron Stockmar. Both of them observed all along the essential condition, without which their action would have been not only most perilous, but most mischievous. That is to say, they never affected or set up any separate province or authority of their own; never aimed at standing as an opaque medium between the sovereign and her Constitutional advisers. In their legitimate place, they took up their position behind the queen; but not, so to speak, behind the throne; they assisted her in arriving at her conclusions, but those conclusions when adopted were hers and hers alone: she, and she only, could be recognized by a minister as speaking for the monarch's office. The prince, lofty as was his position, and excellent as was his

capacity, vanished as it were from view, and did not, and could not, carry, as towards them, a single ounce of ultimate authority. If he conferred with Lord Palmerston on matters of delicacy, belonging to the relation between the sovereign and the secretary of state, it could only be as the queen's messenger, and no word spoken by him could be a final word. He was adjective, but the queen the only substantive. As the adjective gives color to the substantive, so he might influence the mind of the queen; but only through that mind, only by informing that supreme free-agency, could his influence legitimately act; and this doctrine, we apprehend, is not only a doctrine wholesome in itself, but also indisputable, nay, what is more, vital to the true balance of the English monarchy. On the other hand, as the queen deals with the cabinet, just so the cabinet deals with the queen. The sovereign is to know no more of any differing views of different ministers, than they are to know of any collateral representatives of the monarchical office; they are an unity before the sovereign, and the sovereign is an unity before them. All this, it will be observed, is not a description of matters of fact, but a setting forth of what the principles of our monarchy presuppose; it is a study from the closet, not the forum or the court; and it would have been more convenient to use the masculine gender in speaking of an abstract occupant of the throne, but for the fact that we have become so thoroughly disused to it under the experience of forty happy years.

Nice and sound, however, as would appear to have been the application of these principles to practice, on the part of Baron Stockmar, and, in his higher and more difficult position, of the prince, we take leave to question the theoretic representation * set forward by the one, and accepted by the other; as well as countersigned by the biographer, at a period of calm very different from the political weather which prevailed at the moment of its production. This representation is conveyed in a long letter, dated January 5, 1854, and consisting of two parts. In the second and much the shorter of the two, it is held that the prince "acts as the queen's private secretary, and that all else is simply calumnious;" and the right of her Majesty to the assistance implied under this modest name is justly vindicated (pp. 554-7). But the first portion of the letter contains a Constitutional

* Vol. ii., pp. 545-57.

dissertation, which was in no manner required for the support of these rational propositions, and which is based, as we think, mainly upon misconception and confusion, such as we should not have expected from a man of the baron's long British experience and acute perceptions. His main propositions appear to be these: that again and again, since the Reform Act, ministers have failed to sustain the prerogatives of the crown; that the old Tories, who supported these prerogatives, were extinct, and that the existing Tories were (p. 540) "degenerate bastards;" that the Whigs and "politicians of the Aberdeen school" were conscious or unconscious republicans; that the most jealous liberalism could not object to "a right on the part of the king to be the permanent president of his ministerial council" (p. 547); that premiers were apt to be swayed by party interests; that no penalty for ministerial obliquities now remained but that of resignation; that this was insufficient to secure good conduct from the bad or the incapable; that the sovereign should take part at the deliberations of his council; that the centre of gravity had been shifted by the Act of 1832 from the House of Lords to the House of Commons; that a well-merited popularity of the sovereign was to support the House of Lords against the dangers of democracy, and his direct action in the government to be a *vis medicatrix nature* (p. 551) for maintaining prerogative, and for supplying all defects by a judgment raised above party passions. Yet the right of the crown is to be merely moral (p. 549); and in the face of it, ministers would act, as to their measures, with entire freedom and independence; but, as to policy and administration, the sovereign is primarily charged with a control over them, which he should exercise through the premier (p. 549).

Thus the baron. A congeries of propositions stranger in general result never, in our judgment, was amassed in order to explain to the unlearned the more mysterious lessons in the study of the British monarchy. Taken singly, some of them are truisms, others are qualifications, which usefully restrain or neutralize the companion statements. Some also are misstatements of history; others of fact. For example, the Parliamentary Constitution had its centre of gravity in the House of Commons, not in the House of Lords, before, as well as after, the Reform Act. The House of Lords, in fact, has resisted the will of the House of Commons since

the Reform Act, more than it did before the passing of that great statute. The gravest change then effected in regard to the House of Lords was this: that, under the old system, the peers had in their own hands the virtual appointment of a large section of the House of Commons; whereas now, although their influence in elections is still great, it is exercised through and by what is supposed to be, and in general is, a popular and voluntary vote. The Reform controversy was admirably argued on both sides, not perhaps worse on the side of the opponents of Reform; some of whom, following up a subtle disquisition of philosophical politics in a previous number of the *Edinburgh Review*, pointed out unanswerably that singular economy, by which the old close boroughs had cushioned off, as it were, the conflicts between the two Houses; and then predicted with truth, though likewise with exaggeration, that when once the House of Lords ceased to assert and express itself by this peculiar method within the House of Commons, it would be driven upon the alternative of more frequently pronouncing an adverse judgment.

Again, Baron Stockmar teaches that the prerogatives of the crown had been abandoned by successive ministries, and had no longer any party ready to defend them. It would be much nearer the truth to say that there was no longer any party disposed to assail them. But what means the baron by "the prerogatives of the crown"? Are they prerogatives as against the ministers? or prerogatives as against the Parliament, or the popular branch of it? As against the ministers, the sovereign's prerogatives before the Reform Act were: firstly, that of appointing and dismissing them; secondly, that of exercising an influence over their deliberations, which was, as the baron says in one of his qualifying passages, in the nature of a moral right or influence. The first of these is virtually a right of appeal from the cabinet to the Parliament, or the nation, or both: and no such conspicuous instance of its exercise can be cited from our pre-Reform history, as was supplied by William IV. after the Reform Act, in the month of November, 1834, with no sort of reason and (it is true) without success, but also without any strain to the Constitution, or any penalty other than the disagreeable sensation of being defeated, and of having greatly strengthened and reinvigorated by recoil the fortunes of the party on whom it had been meant to inflict an overthrow. As regards the prerogative or power,

which gives the monarch an undoubted *locus standi* in all the deliberations of a government, it remains as it was; and it is important or otherwise, exactly in proportion to the ability, the character, the experience, and, above all, the attention, which the sovereign of the day brings to bear upon it. If there be differences, they are not such as Baron Stockmar indicates. It is, indeed, certain that the monarch has to deal with the popular power in a proximate, instead of a remote position: but so have the ministers: and likewise that there was once a party of king's friends (as well as a large number of the nominees of peers), within the House of Commons, by means of whom he could operate to a certain extent, in an unavowed manner, upon or against his ministers. But of this party we lose all trace after the reign of George III.; so that it supplies no standing ground for the baron. It is, perhaps, also true that the subordination in the last resort of the royal to the national will, when expressed through the constitutional organs, which was fact before the Reform Bill, has been patent and admitted fact since that measure became law. The dying throes of independent kingship gave for a moment a real pang to the self-centred mind of George IV., and even imparted a certain interest to his personality, when after many struggles he consented or gave way to the bill for Roman Catholic Emancipation in 1829.

Baron Stockmar, however, appears to confuse the prerogatives of the crown, which are really represented by ministerial action in the face of the legislature, with the personal rights of the sovereign in the face of and as towards his or her ministers. And here the question must be cleared by another distinction, of which, in this rather confused and very disappointing letter, he takes no notice: the distinction between the statutory powers of the crown and those immemorial and inherent powers, which have no written warrant, which form the real and genuine prerogative, and which form a great oral tradition of the Constitution: resembling in their unwritten character what is called the privilege of Parliament, but differing from it in that they are perfectly well defined. In the mouth of Baron Stockmar, the plural word prerogatives appears to include both classes of three powers, which only ignorance can confuse, though sometimes, even in high official places, ignorance does effectually confuse them. Accepting the phrase for the moment, we ask which of these statutory prerogatives have, since

the Reform Act, been forfeited or impaired through the timidity of the governments down to 1854, or, we might perhaps add, of succeeding governments? The question is most important, for, by dint of the prerogative proper and these statutory powers, the ministers, sustained as they are by the sovereign behind them, form a great part, not only of the executive or deputed, but of the ultimate and supreme governing force in this country. To test the doctrine of Baron Stockmar, let us enumerate some examples of the vigor of the powers of the crown. We have already spoken of the great prerogative of dismissal of ministers as it was illustrated in 1834. Surely the prerogative of appointment of bishops sufficiently proved its animation, against the remonstrance of the primates and a body of their suffragans, in the case of Dr. Hampden. The prerogative of peace and war did the same in 1857, when Lord Palmerston carried on, at the charge of the country, a war in China, which the representatives of the people, the stewards of the public purse, had condemned: and when, upon the election to which he had recourse, he received the sanction of the country for what he had done. And the prerogative of dissolution must have been in a healthy state in 1852, to enable a government, supported only by a minority, to perform the work of the session, and carry the supplies before asking the judgment of the constituencies on its title to exist. There is but one prerogative of the crown, so far as we are able to read the constitutional history of the country, or rather but one of any great significance, which has suffered of late years. It is the initiative in proposing grants of public money. This prerogative, if such it is to be called, has been seriously and increasingly infringed, to the great detriment of the nation. And this by a double process. The House of Commons was very rarely disposed, before the Reform Act, to press upon the administration of the day new plans or proposals involving public outlay. After the Reform Act, there was manifested a vicious tendency to multiply these instances, which, however, produced no very serious consequences for the first twenty or twenty-five years, but which has become a great public mischief, since the increasing wealth of the most active and influential classes of the country has brought about a greater indifference to economy in the public expenditure. Local claims, and the interests of classes and individuals, are now relentlessly and constantly pressed

from private and irresponsible quarters, and, though the House of Commons still maintains the rule that money shall not be voted except on the proposal of the crown, yet it permits itself to be pledged by addresses, resolutions, and even the language of bills and acts, to outlay in many forms, and these pledges it becomes morally compulsory on governments in their turn to redeem. But besides the activity of private, professional, and local greed, and the possible cowardice of ministers in resistance, the House of Lords has done very great mischief in this respect, by voting into bills the establishment of officers and appointment of salaries, and sending these bills to the Commons with all such portions printed in italics, a conventional expedient adopted in order to show that they are not presented as parts of the bill, but only as indications of the view or wish of the House of Lords; in matters, however, in which they have as a body no more right or title to any view or wish at all, than the House of Commons has or had to send in italics, or by any other subterfuge, to the Lords a direction as to the judgments to be given in appeals. Here, then, we have a real case in which a power of the crown has been greatly and mischievously weakened. But this is a power which probably forms no part of prerogative properly so called. We apprehend that it rests upon no statute, but only on a wise and self-denying rule of the House of Commons itself. The crown, as such, has no immediate interest in it whatever; and there is not the smallest reason to suppose that Baron Stockmar knew to what solid truth in this one respect he was giving utterance, or that he in any way cared about the matter.

There is, indeed, one genuine crown right which has been somewhat disparaged of late years, and that is its title to the crown lands. By degrees, it became the custom for the sovereign, on accession, to surrender the life-interest in these properties to the State, in return for a life-income called the civil list. But this transaction in no way affected the legal right of the next heir to resume the lands on the expiry of the arrangement. It is undeniable that members of oppositions, and the blamable connivances of party, have of late years, in various instances, obtained by pressure from the governments of the day arrangements which touch the reversionary interest. The question is too complex and many-sided for exposition here: but it may be said with truth, first, that the State has dealt liberally as a tenant under a

life-lease with the estates given to its control; and, secondly, that the subject is in a constitutional view a small one. Neither shall we here investigate the curious doctrine—in one sense novel, and in another obsolete—of those who contend that the sovereign has a peculiar relation to the army, involving some undefined power apart or different from its general relation to the executive portion of the business of government. We shall only observe that, in this country, the standing army is itself extra-constitutional, and that its entire dependence upon Parliament has been secured, not as in the case of the civil services by a single provision, that of requiring annual votes for its support, but also by the further precaution of granting only by annual mutiny acts those powers for enforcing discipline which are necessary for its management. Not even a colorable plea can be set up for an exceptional power or prerogative in respect to the army.

As to the occasion of Baron Stockmar's letter to the prince, the truth seems to have been this. A most unreasonable and superficial clamor had been raised against the intervention of the prince as a counsellor, an adviser, in the performance of the queen's public duties: a clamor due to the peculiar susceptibilities of his time, the aberration of a portion of the press, and the very undue disposition of what is questionably called "good society" to canvass in an ill-natured manner the character and position of one who did not stoop to flatter its many vulgar fancies, and whose strictly ordered life was a continual though silent rebuke to the luxurious license that large portions of it love and habitually indulge in. Instead of dealing with this practical matter in a practical manner, Baron Stockmar was unhappily tempted to stray into the flowery fields of theory. *S'avid sui floridi sentier.* His constitutional knowledge, apart from his working common sense, which he did not think good enough for so high an occasion, was, after all, only an English top-dressing on a German soil: and hence he has given a perfectly honest but a most misleading exposition of a great subject, highly needful to be rightly apprehended everywhere, and of course most of all in courts.

One of his propositions is that the king, if a clever man—for so (p. 549) it seems to be limited, and we do not envy those who would have to pronounce the decision "aye" or "no" upon the point, nor indeed do we know who they are—shall "make use of these qualities at the delib-

erations of his council." Now this, to speak with a rustic plainness, is simply preposterous. We take first the ground which would be called the lowest. If the sovereign is to attend the cabinet, he must, like other cabinet ministers, adapt his life to its arrangements, spend most of the year in London, and when in the country be always ready to return to it at a moment's notice. Perhaps it may be thought that, as would be only seemly, cabinets could, as a rule, be postponed to suit the convenience of so august a personage. It would be almost as easy to postpone the rising of the sun. But let us suppose him there, not on his throne, but in his arm-chair. He must surely preside; and in that case what becomes of the first minister? It is a curious, but little observed, fact of our history, that the office of first minister only seems to have obtained regular recognition as the idea of personal government by the action of the king faded and became invisible. So late as in the final attacks upon Sir Robert Walpole, it was one of the charges against him that he had assumed the functions of first minister. The presence of the king at the cabinet either means personal government — that is to say, the reservation to him of all final decisions which he may think fit to appropriate — or else the forfeiture of dignity by his entering upon equal terms into the arena of general, searching, and sometimes warm discussion; nay, and even of voting too, and of being outvoted, for in cabinets, and even in the cabinets reputed best, important questions have sometimes been found to admit of no other form of decision. Now such is the mass, detail, and technical difficulty of public affairs, that it would be an absolute cruelty to the sovereign to put him through these agonies; for it is no trifling work and pain to hammer into form the measures and decisions which are, when promulgated, to endure the myriad-minded, myriad-pointed criticism of the Parliament, the press, and the country. At present the sovereign is brought into contact only with the net results of previous inquiry and deliberation, conducted by other and, as the Constitution presumes, by select men. The baron's proposal is to immerse him in the crude mass of preliminary pleas and statements, to bring him face to face with every half-formed view, to compel him to deal with each plus and minus, known and unknown, quantity in and by itself, instead of submitting to him only the ascertained sum of the equation. The few remarks now offered are far indeed from exhibiting ex-

haustively the huge demerits of this unwise proposal; but they may serve to prove or indicate that either, while intolerably cumulating labor, it must solely impair dignity and authority; or, if it aims at preserving these, the end can only be gained by making the king the umpire and final arbiter of deliberations, to which he listens only for the assistance of his own judgment. That is, they not simply alter, but overturn, the Constitution, by making a personal will supreme over the ascertained representative will of the nation.

If, however, the office of the first minister would have suffered by the last-named proposal, it seems that compensation was to be given him at the expense of his colleagues. We shall not record any dissent from the general view of the remarkable controversy between the crown, or court, and Lord Palmerston; which is to the effect that, in the main, the sovereign was right in demanding time and opportunity, of course with a due reserve for the exigencies of urgent business, for a real, and not merely a perfunctory consideration of draft despatches. But with this there seems to have been combined a demand that the drafts of the foreign minister should be submitted to the sovereign only through the head of the government. It is laid down (p. 300) that the first minister, as well as the foreign secretary, is bound to advise the crown on questions of foreign policy; and, we are told, it was accordingly demanded (p. 302) —

That the despatches submitted for her approval must therefore pass through the hands of Lord John Russell, who, if he should think they required material change, should accompany them with a statement of his reasons.

It is unquestionable that the prime minister, who is entitled to interfere with, and in a well-organized cabinet is constantly invoked by, every department, has a special concern in foreign affairs. He will, therefore, have something to say upon the drafts prepared by his colleague. But this, according to the sound law of established practice, he will say to his colleague; and the draft, as it goes to the sovereign, will express their united view. Instead of this, the proposal seems to have been that the drafts prepared by the foreign minister should be discussed and settled between the prime minister and the sovereign. Now almost any system may be made workable by considerate and tender handling; but the method now before us, issued as a hard abstraction, would justly be said to degrade an office of a dignity and weight

second to none after that of the head of the government. The transmission through the first minister seems indeed to have been agreed to, wrongly as we think, by Lord Palmerston (p. 309); and Stockmar in his memorandum apparently extends this system to all the ministers, for he says that the control of the sovereign would be "exercised most safely for the rest of them through the premier." Thus the premier would stand between them and the sovereign. The baron failed to perceive that this involves a fundamental change in their position: their relations to the crown become mediate instead of immediate; they are no longer the confidential servants of her Majesty; he is the sole confidential servant, they are her head clerks: he is in the closet, they stand in the hall without.

To some readers these may appear to be mere subtleties. They certainly escaped eyes of great acuteness, when those of the prince consort and of Baron Stockmar passed over them. But every trade has its secrets. The baker and the brewer, the carpenter and the mason, all the fraternity of handicraft and production, have, where they understand their business, certain nice *minutiae* of action neither intelligible to nor seen by the observer from without, but upon which niceties the whole efficiency of their work, and the just balances of its parts, depend. There is nowhere a more subtle machinery than that of the British cabinet. It has no laws. It has no records. Of the few who pass within the magic circle, and belong to it, many never examine the mechanism which they help to work. Only the most vague conceptions respecting its structure and operations are afloat in the public mind. These things may be pretty safely asserted: that it is not a thing made to order, but a growth; and that no subject of equal importance has been so little studied. We need not wonder if even to the most intelligent foreigner, who gets it up as a lesson from a school-book, it is an unsolved riddle; we may be thankful that the mistaken reasonings of Baron Stockmar never baffled his good sense in practical advice, and that his balloon, even after careering wildly in the fields of air, always managed, when alighting on the earth, to find its way home.

We will now turn to another chapter, where Mr. Martin deals with the papal aggression, and with the thoughts which the controversy at that time stirred in the mind of the prince. He went to work, as his manner was, to "analyze" (p. 341) the

crisis, in its Anglican rather than in its Romeward aspect, with philosophical assiduity; and he laid down the principles which he conceived to indicate the true path towards a remedy.

The evil he conceived to be the introduction of Romish doctrines and practices by the clergy against the will of their congregations, under the assumption of a sole authority. And the cure he found in three propositions, thus expressed (p. 343):—

That the laity have an equal share of authority in the Church with the clergy.

That no alteration in the form of divine service shall therefore be made without the formal consent of the laity.

Nor any interpretation given of articles of faith without their concurrence.

From these, he thought, would spring a "whole living Church constitution," in government and doctrine.

Of these propositions we put aside the first, not only because it is expressed without historical or theological precision, but also and mainly because it is an abstraction. Nor need we dwell upon the third, because, after another quarter of a century's experience, it has not been thought necessary either by laity or clergy to call for any new interpretation of articles of faith. But the second touches a matter which has invited legislative handling—namely, "the form of divine service." And the readers of Mr. Martin will at once be struck with the glaring fact, that the basis for legislation, which was suggested by the prince, is totally different from that which was accepted by Parliament on the recommendation of the archbishops and the Earl of Beaconsfield. Nor is the difference of a speculative character; the lines, on which the two work out their results, are lines which cut across one another. In making good this proposition, we shall assume, of course—but it is a very large and generous assumption—that the act will be both impartially and learnedly worked by the tribunals. So regarding it, we observe that the very rule which the prince sets up, the archbishops and the prime minister have induced Parliament to trample under foot. The rule of the prince is that existing practice is so far to be presumed right practice, that it shall not be altered without consent of laity and clergy. The basis of the act is that existing practice, however established by length of time, and however acceptable both to laity and clergy, may at any time be challenged by three parishioners, who may never have

even seen the inside of the church as worshippers, and, unless the will of the bishop intercept the process, is to be overset if it be inconsistent with the judicial, that is the literal, meaning of the words of a statute passed in 1661. Further, it is now the presumable duty of the clergy of themselves to alter their practice, even against their own inclinations and those of the congregation, where it is not in conformity with the exact prescriptions of that statute in any one of the myriad details which it prescribes. It is true that, where a trial is demanded, the bishop may stop it. We do not doubt that this power, without which the act would have been even far worse than it is, will be rationally and prudently exercised by nearly all the bishops. But the difficulty of so using it will, to the most honest and enlightened mind, be very great; in one or two instances, which it would be invidious to name, we can hardly hope that it will be considerably employed; and if but one bishop out of twenty-eight or thirty be suitable to their purpose, the wire-pullers at the centre will put up in that diocese their three puppet-parishioners, and seek so to rule the whole country. The whole spirit and tendency of the act go to narrow discretion; to curtail freedom enjoyed for generations with satisfaction to all; and to tighten practice according to a rule adopted more than two centuries ago, and to such interpretations of that rule as may be pronounced by judges, nearly the whole of whom are not only ignorant of ecclesiastical history and law, but apparently as unaware as babes that such ignorance is either a disqualification or even a disadvantage for the exercise of their office. But this tendency and spirit of the act is and has been felt to be so intolerable, that it has been qualified by the interpolation of an arbitrary power, which may extinguish the act in diocese A, give it absolute and unrestricted sway in diocese B, and a mode of operation adjusted to as many points between these extremes in dioceses from C to Z. Now the prince's plan, not denying the authority of the law, nor impeding its ultimate enforcement, introduced collaterally into our system a new sanction — namely, a sanction for things established by usage. They were not to be altered without consent of laity and clergy. This was his simple plan of change. Where that consent was obtained, and the desire for a change established, still they could only be altered in the direction of conformity with the law, which remained applicable in all its rigor, and without any spurious triad of

parishioners or any intervention of an arbitrary *veto*, to unestablished novelties. We have surely here a very notable competition between the plans of the archbishops and of the prince.

Look here upon this picture — and on this.

The prince was ever regarded with some jealousy and apprehension by Churchmen: yet some of them may be tempted to wish not only that his most valuable life had been largely prolonged, but that he had been primate of all England in 1874. We should not then have been trembling at this time in fearful anxiety to learn whether a great and historic Church, rich in work and blessing, rich in traditions, and richer still in promise, is or is not to be the victim of the follies committed in 1874.*

It was to be expected that one, whose life was so steadily held under the control of conscience, should deeply feel the responsibilities attending the education of the royal children. In no station of life is there such a command, or such a free application, of all the appliances of instruction. The obstacles, which it places in the way of profound and solid learning, are indeed insurmountable. This disability is perhaps compensated by the tendency of the station itself to confer a large amount of general information, and of social training. Our young princes and princesses have grown up under a sense of social responsibility, far heavier than that which is felt by, or impressed upon, children born and reared at the degree of elevation next to theirs. In a religious point of view, however, their dangers are immense: and they are greatly aggravated by the fact that, after the earliest periods of life are passed, and anything like manhood is attained, they do not enjoy the benefit of that invaluable check upon

* It is needful to correct an error into which Mr. Martin has fallen, not unnaturally, in a matter lying beside the main scope of his task. He says in p. 338 that after the papal brief "the country was put upon the alert, and the progress of proselytism stayed." Chronologically, this is not so. It was shortly after the papal brief that the great rush of secessions took place. Then it was that Cardinal Manning carried into the Roman Church those peculiar and very remarkable powers of government, to which she at least has not refused a sphere. Then departed from us Mr. James Hope, Q.C., who may with little exaggeration be called the flower of his generation. With and after them a host of others. It was eminently the time of secessions. It may be difficult to say whether the papal brief seriously acted one way or the other. For it was very closely followed by the judgment in the Gorham case, and this may in all likelihood have been the principal cause of a blast which swept away, to their own great detriment as well as ours, a large portion of our most learned, select, and devoted clergy.

thought and conduct, which is afforded by the free communication and mutual correction of equals. They have no equals : the cases, in which a friend can be strong enough and bold enough to tell them the whole truth about themselves, are of necessity exceptional. It is much if the air of courts be not tainted with actual falsehood. The free circulation of truth it hardly can permit : and the central personages in them are hereby deprived in a great degree of one of the readiest and most effective helps for their salvation, while they are set us as a mark to attract all the wiles of the designing and the vile.

It is well known, to the infinite honor of her Majesty and of the prince, how, especially in the conspicuous instances of the Dowager Lady Lyttelton and of the excellent Dean of Windsor, the best provision, which love and wisdom could suggest, was made for the religious training of the royal offspring. In this department, as well as in others, the prince looked for a principle, and a defined scope. As early as March 1842 (p. 175), the inevitable baron had supplied a memorandum on the subject. He reverted to it in July 1846 (p. 183), and laid it down that it could not be too soon to settle in what principles the Prince of Wales should be brought up. He deprecated the frame of mind, which leads to indiscriminate conservatism ; desired freedom of thought, and a reflective appreciation of practical morality as indispensable to the relation between sovereign and people. And then he proceeded to the question of religion. The law required that "the belief of the Church of England shall be the faith of the members of the royal family" (p. 185) ; and this law must be obeyed. But should not the young prince's mind in due time be opened to changes in progress, and to the probable effect of discoveries in science ? Society, says the baron, is already divided into two classes. The first is composed of those, who hope for improvement from increased knowledge of nature, and attention to the laws of our being ; which will work out the results intended by the Creator. Of the hierophants of this class the baron, while he favors them, has not hesitated to write thus : "A constant war is carried on openly, but more generally from masked batteries, by this class of persons, on the prevailing religious opinions" (p. 186). "The class contains the seeds of important modifications in the opinions and religious institutions of the British empire."

Then we have the second class, whom the baron succinctly describes as "the

advocates of supernatural religion." This is frank enough : and no attempt is made to disguise the fact, that the issue raised was between Christianity and theism. The account given of this class is given *ab extra*, and not as in the other case from within the precinct. It is, accordingly, as might have been expected, fundamentally inaccurate and misleading. "The orthodox believers regard the supernatural portions of Christianity as the basis which sustains its morality, and as the sole foundations of government, law, and subordination." Of misrepresentation Baron Stockmar was incapable ; but we have here a strange amount of ignorance. He might as well have said that supernaturalists were men who did not eat or drink, and who held that corporal life was only to be sustained by divine grace, which was the sole foundation of running and jumping. A man who lives in the second story of a house rests only, it seems, upon the air, and not upon the first story and the basement. But in truth, the Christian morality enjoys all the supports which belong to the morality of Stockmar, while it is lifted by the incarnation to a higher level, with a larger view, and a place nearer to God. We could not expect him to have wasted his time in reading the works of theologians, which, however, he thought himself qualified to describe. Yet he ought surely to have known that St. Paul expressly deduces the binding character of religion (Rom. i. 19, 20) from the book of nature, and also regards offences against nature as a distinct and deeper category of sin (*ibid.* 26, 27). Nor would it have been unworthy of him to bear in mind that Dante has placed the violent against nature in a deeper condemnation even than those who are violent against God ("Inferno," canto xiv. and xv.). The baron must have been a good deal puzzled to reconcile his own unequivocal condemnation of supernatural religion with his frank recognition of a legal necessity for training in the Anglican system of belief. Upon the whole, we must say, even with the gratitude every Englishman should feel towards this faithful friend and adviser of his sovereign, the memorandum, as it is presented by Mr. Martin, has too much the appearance of one of the "masked batteries" which it describes. But parental wisdom was not to be seduced even by this great authority, and the arrangements for the education of the Prince of Wales were made, we believe, in the old Christian fashion.

It is not, however, as a model either of

theological or of political opinion that any human being can profitably be proposed for exact imitation, or that we think the prince will be longest and best remembered among us. In the speculative man there remained much more of the German, than in the practical. His contemplation and study of the living and working England were alike assiduous and fruitful; and this man, who never sat upon our throne, and who ceased at the early age of forty-two to stand beside it, did more than any of our sovereigns, except very, very few, to brighten its lustre and strengthen its foundations. He did this, by the exhibition in the highest place, jointly with the queen, of a noble and lofty life, which refused to take self for the centre of its action, and sought its pleasure in the unceasing performance of duty. There has been, beyond all doubt, one perceptible and painful change since his death: a depression of the standard of conduct within the very highest circle of society. In proof of this melancholy proposition, we will specify that branch of morality, which may fairly be taken as a testing-branch — namely, conjugal morality. Among the causes of an incipient change so disastrous to our future prospects, we should be inclined to reckon the death of the prince consort, and the disappearance from public view of that majestic and imposing, as well as attractive and instructive, picture of a court which, while he lived, was always before the eyes of the aristocracy and the nation.

Neither this book, nor any book written from a peculiar point of view, can ever supply a standard history of the period it embraces. It may, nevertheless, supply — and we think it has thus far supplied — a valuable contribution to, and an indispensable part of, such a history. This alone more than justifies the publication. But it has a yet higher title in its faithful care and solid merit as a biography. From the midst of the hottest glow of worldly splendor it has drawn forth to public contemplation a genuine piece of solid, sterling, and unworldly excellence; a pure and lofty life, from which every man, and most of all, every Christian, may learn many an ennobling lesson; on which he may do well to meditate when he communes with his own heart, in his chamber, and is still.

From The Contemporary Review.
WEIMAR UNDER SCHILLER AND GOETHE.

"To Goethe himself this connection with Weimar opened the happiest course of life which, probably, the age he lived in could have yielded him. Moderation, yet abundance; elegance without luxury or sumptuousness; art enough to give a heavenly firmament to his existence; business enough to give it a solid earth."

CARLYLE.

WEIMAR, the capital city of the grand duchy of Saxe-Weimar, is, in every material sense, one of the least considerable of the cities of Europe. But it is charmingly situated among the gentle hills and leafy woods of Thuringia. It is near Luther's Wartburg; it is not far from Jena, the city of the university and of the great battle, and from Erfurt. It has, it is true, some claim to dignity in respect that it is a *Residenz*; but it has no trade, and had, at the beginning of the present century, a population of only seven thousand inhabitants. Weimar is nevertheless exceptionally great as one of the spiritual cities of Europe. People still come from all parts of the cultured earth to visit Stratford-upon-Avon, the Mecca of England; and persons, actuated by the same motives which inspire the Stratford pilgrims, still visit gentle, pretty, quiet little Weimar, which was once a republic of letters, ruled by two great kings — Schiller and Goethe. Here, after Goethe had brought Schiller to Weimar, and had procured for his brother poet a suitable appointment from the grand duke, the poet-princes worked in harmonious co-operation and generous emulation in a constant and noble effort to inspire and to elevate German literature and thought. They worked by means of personal influence, of lofty criticism, and by the example of their own productions. Germans still fondly and proudly term Weimar the "Athens on the Ilm;" and it has seemed to me worth while to endeavor to present some picture of Weimar at the close of the last, and at the commencement of the present century; that is, of Weimar in its day of glory as the focus and centre-point of German literature while under the reign and influence of the immortal Dioscuri.

The two poets, in their joint Weimar career as the leaders and inspirers of German literature, appear to us as double stars, as twin peaks; and yet those who have eyes that can penetrate the mysteries of space, may discern that the one star is larger and brighter than the other; those who can judge as they gaze from the flat up to the great heights will easily see that one of the two peaks which, superficially regarded, appear to be of equal altitude, is

much loftier than the other. Goethe, immeasurably too great for envy or for jealousy; Goethe, in whose soul littleness could find no place, was desirous of sharing the burden of intellectual rule with a co-operator whom he could love and trust. He inspired Schiller for the post, and then elevated him to the dignity of the second person in the duumvirate. Schiller was his most worthy assistant, but, critically considered, Goethe must be regarded as the great king of German literature. He is the Jupiter of Germania.

The history of German literature presents us with one curious and singular phenomenon. It differs therein from the literatures of England and of France in respect that it flowered late; that its classic writers may be counted as contemporaries; and that its times of bud, of blossom, and of fruit may be compressed well within a century. Lessing produced "*Minna von Barnhelm*" in 1757, and Heine died in 1856. German literature presents no long and almost unbroken stream of literary activity and excellence. It has not a succession of great epochs or a continuous line of mighty names. It has no early objective poet who can rank with Father Chaucer. It has no Elizabethan era of Reformation impulse and Shakespearian splendor. It has no Civil Wars period which includes a Milton. It has no Restoration day of meretricious tarnished brilliancy, the mirror of national decadence. It has no time of Dryden, no Augustan age of Anne, of Addison, and Swift, and Pope; it has now no literature still vitally maintaining itself supreme, and containing such names as Carlyle, Tennyson, George Eliot, Froude. It has no long-descended and still splendid career of continuous achievement in prose, in poetry, in the drama, in history, in essay. During many of the centuries at which we have just glanced it was comparatively dumb; but it flowered splendidly indeed during one century which had finished by the middle of the present century. The causes of this comparative silence, and of this late glory, are to be sought in political and in social history.

Frederick the Great, who marks the termination of an epoch, was wholly French in his literary culture and tastes. He lived, indeed, to see, in his old age, the dawn of the coming day of his nation's literary greatness; but he had little sympathy with the advent of German genius, and Lessing, Goethe, and the others remained unknown to him, unrecognized by him. He said of "*Götz von Berlichin-*

gen," that it is an "*imitation détestable de ces mauvaises pièces anglaises*." He could hardly express his contempt more strongly than by comparing a drama to those of Shakespeare. The emperor Joseph II., a man of clear head, but without poetic sympathy, could not spare, from the conflicts and troubles of his reign, much time to appreciate or to further literature, but he yet patronized Blumauer; and Germany, in that day of national disunion, which left the country so dangerously exposed to the foreign foe, possessed, in addition to the great courts of Berlin and Vienna, many smaller courts, some of which deserve credit for the help which they gracefully and graciously rendered to letters in a time, and under institutions and manners, which left the literature of the country so greatly dependent upon court patronage.

Freiligrath, depressed by the sad condition of the then disjointed Fatherland, sang in his "*Knospe Deutschlands*," —

Herr Gottim Himmel, welche Wunderblume
Wird einst vor Allem dieses Deutschland
seyn!

and the aspirations for unity and strength of the most ardent German patriot of the old day, have since been more than realized by the magnanimous genius of Bismarck, seconded by the loyal wisdom of Kaiser Wilhelm. Only those who knew the circumstances in Germany before the reign of Bismarck, can worthily comprehend how great his services have been to a great nation: but literary greatness has not kept pace with political success, and for the poetical glories of Germany we must look backwards to the days of disunion, to the epoch of national political weakness, and to the life of the smaller courts.

Let us glance for a moment at some of these smaller German courts towards the close of the eighteenth century.

For instance, let us look at Mannheim, where the Kurfürst Karl Theodor was a real patron of art, and, more particularly, of the drama. Count Wilhelm von Schaumburg-Lippe was the friend of Abt, and, in 1771, invited Herder to settle at Bückeburg; while the Landgräfin Karoline von Darmstadt caused a collection of Klopstock's odes to be printed and published. Wieland thought so highly of this highly-placed lady, that he expressed a fervent wish that she could be made queen of Europe. At the court of Darmstadt, Schiller read aloud his own "*Don Carlos*," and was rewarded for the reading with the title of *Rath*. The courts of Gotha, Co-

burg, and Meiningen evinced the truest interest in literature, and delighted to honor humor through its best and most genial representative, Jean Paul. This court theatre of Gotha flourished under the auspices of Ernst II., and possessed Ekhof, the greatest actor of the time. In Gotha Gotter wrote his "Medea," and the fine and gifted Thümmel, after resigning his office of minister in Coburg, transferred his residence to Gotha, and lived there until his death, in 1817. The whimsical but talented Emil August lived in intimacy with Jean Paul, and wrote his "*Kyllenion, oder ein Jahr in Arkadien*" in imitation of the style of Richter. Jean Paul said that Emil August had the wittiest head that ever wore a crown; and the Titan also praises highly Herzog Franz, of Coburg, and the honest, genial Herzog Georg von Meiningen. It is clear that some of the smaller German courts have acquired a claim to the respect and gratitude of posterity by their enlightened and genial patronage of art, of letters, and of literary men. The political misfortune of Germany—a misfortune which was proved to demonstration by Napoleon in 1806, after the battle of Jena, when conquered Germany was overrun by the French and when Weimar, and even Goethe's house, were occupied by French soldiers—was yet not without its good results for literature. In the absence of centralization and of a large reading public, those of many minor courts which did their duty rendered good service to the literature of the nation.

Among the smallest of these small courts was that of Weimar, which yet was to eclipse them all, and to become one of the greatest European centres of intellect, of poetry, and of the drama. Weimar not only reckoned among its resident great men all attracted to the place by the dowager duchess Amalie and by the duke, Karl August and his duchess Luise, Goethe and Schiller, Wieland and Herder; but it became, as we shall see, a focus and centre of attraction for all other German and even European celebrities who visited it.

The foundation of the intellectual pre-eminence of Weimar is ascribable to the "dowager duchess" of Goethe's time. Anna Amalie of Brunswick, a niece of Frederick the Great, married, in 1756, Ernst August Constantin, the reigning grand duke, and was left a regent and a widow in 1758. She had one son, Karl August, the well-known princely Mecenas and intimate friend of Goethe; and, in 1772,

the duchess invited Wieland to Weimar, as tutor to the heir apparent. As assistant tutor to the young duke, Karl Ludwig von Knebel, a Prussian officer, was added in 1773. This Knebel was a man of mark and merit, and his *Briefwechsel* or correspondence with Goethe, is one of the books which throw light upon the relations of the interesting Weimar circle. The duchess was a woman of active and cultured intelligence; and her friendship for Wieland remained steadfast and unalterable. The epicurean patriarch, the apostle of *Schöngeisterei*, the representative of Greek-German-French influences, held as his evangel, "*der heitere Genuss des Lebens*," "the cheerful enjoyment of life;" and the gay duchess, who loved the beautiful in art and nature, was a disciple of the doctrine of her lively and gifted friend, who exercised a strong influence over her life and views of life.

Goethe, who then owed his fame to "Werther" and to "Götz," was visited in Frankfort, in 1774, by the young duke, who seems even then to have been capable of a deep and noble hero-worship. In 1775 Karl August came of age, and one of the first acts of his memorable reign was to invite Goethe to transfer his residence to Weimar. The great poet, who had already done so much, but who had yet so much more and higher work to do, complied; and that long career of glorious activity, which rended Weimar an immortal city, then commenced. Goethe (born 1749) was at the time twenty-six. He had begun "Egmont," and had just broken off his *Verhältniss* to "Lili."

Goethe was appointed in 1776 *geheimer Legationsrath*; in 1779 he was made *wirklicher Geheimrath*; in 1782 he was raised to the high office of *Kammer Präsident*; and Karl August, in order to overcome the prejudices and the opposition of the nobility, elevated his poet-friend to the rank of noble.

But these distinctions, however merited, were not conferred without a conflict between the *Kleinstädtersci* of the little duchy and the world-wide genius of the great poet. There were, at first, cabals, intrigues, oppositions, all of which the clear-willed duke resolutely overcame. Wieland was annoyed at the invitation to Goethe, and showed his jealous resentment, although he was soon influenced by the magic of the poet's personality and genius, and wrote, in 1775, that "his soul was as full of Goethe as a dewdrop of the morning sun." His tone towards Goethe altered, as time went on, with every varia-

tion of his mood, or of circumstances. The warm, womanly partisanship of the duchess Amalie never failed him, but Karl August was as resolute and as constant in support of his greater rival. Of the duke, Goethe said truly, that "*edelstes Wohlwollen und reinste Menschenliebe haben ihn besetzt*:" that he was "animated by the noblest benevolence, and by the purest love of humanity." He knew how to estimate Goethe, and no cabal, whether of court intrigue or of literary envy, could prevail against his noble steadfastness.

Of the frolics of the princely poet and of the poet-loving prince, in the close intimacy of their wild youth, I have no space to speak. Of their cracking whips in the market-place, of their dancing in the mines, of their life in the *Borkenhaus*, I can give no pictures here. Enough that their friendship was warm, noble, and human. Youth is its own god, and they enjoyed it to the top of its bent.

The next figure added to the round table of Weimar is that of Johann Gottfried von Herder, who, in 1776, was called by Goethe from Bückeburg to Weimar. *Freund Humanus*, as Goethe termed him, was the high priest of humanity, and Goethe hoped much from his co-operation. Herder was appointed, at Goethe's request, *Hofprediger* and *Generalsuperintendent*. Goethe had known him at Strasburg, and he used all his influence to obtain the appointment for his old friend. He also found a residence for Herder.

But Herder was not suited either for Weimar or for Goethe, and a gulf soon opened between him and the court, between him and Goethe. Herder, as a preacher, may have genuinely disliked the circles out of which Marianne and Philine could be created; but he was also of a gloomy and hypochondriacal temperament, and he soon became isolated from his Weimar life surroundings. He disliked the doctrines of Kant, and disliked Schiller as a disciple of Kant. His temper, too, was fitful and uncertain. Goethe, who knew his worth, and was filled with large, sweet tolerance and sympathy, treated Herder invariably with all respect, kindness, and consideration, but no effort on the part of Goethe could produce cordiality on the part of Herder. As a grouse which, while feeding in the purple heather, is all the while secreting a certain bitter in his back, so Herder, in his life at Weimar, was nourishing a morbid, sullen bitterness, which lay latent in his character. Goethe was alternately attracted and repelled; attracted by Herder's many fine

qualities, repelled by his harsh and unsocial bitterness. Their art aims and sympathies were not in close accord; and when Schiller came to Weimar, Herder and Wieland formed the nucleus of a *Fronde*, and went into open opposition. Herder attacked the poet-duumvirate, and wrote bitterly against "Meister" and against "Wallenstein." Wieland and Herder fought each for his own hand, but they were united in opposing the leadership and in attacking the work of Goethe and of Schiller. Wieland, a man of gay, sweet nature, with fine poetic sensibility, was at times conquered and charmed by the genius and the character of Goethe. His opposition wavered; but Herder's enmity remained, and was consistent.

We next come to Schiller. He also was brought to Weimar by Goethe. Ten years younger than Goethe, Schiller (born 1759) came from Jena to Weimar in 1799. The two poets first became friends in Jena in 1794, and their personal and literary intercourse and correspondence had been since that time constant and cordial. Goethe assisted Schiller in the production of the *Horen*, a work which soon died, because it did not pay its expenses. "*Ein Zeichen*," says Gottschall, "*wie menig damals unsere grossen Dichter auf ein grosses Publikum zu rechnen hatten!*" "A proof how little great German poets could then reckon upon a large public."

Schiller's dramatic reputation rested, in 1794, upon his "Robbers," "Fiesco," "Kabale und Liebe," and "Don Carlos." His first work, like the first work of Goethe, had met with extraordinary success; the "Robbers" and "Werther" had alike attained to extreme popularity; both had given rise to a flood of imitative literature; both were looked back upon in after-years by their respective authors with moderate satisfaction; both pandered in some degree to the morbid or sentimental popular taste of the hour. No after-work of either writer achieved the same spontaneous and easy success. When they wrote better they had to wait for a slower reverberation, but Schiller and Goethe were both of them men who understood thoroughly the immense difference between immediate popularity and enduring fame.

One of the notes of false criticism is a tendency to incessant and uncalled-for comparison; superfluous comparison, put in the place of penetrating, finely-sundering analysis. Small critics are always comparing — say, for a modern English illustration, Fielding with Smollett, Thackeray with Dickens, Tennyson with Brown-

ing. Goethe himself never compares; he always appreciates. He estimates the work of every individual according simply to its intrinsic individual worth. Thus, to take again an example drawn from English literature, he enjoys and criticises, each separately and without comparison with the other, Walter Scott and Byron. For a direct comparison between Schiller and Goethe I shall let the poet-critics speak for themselves. Schiller says, "*Gegen Goethe bin und bleib' ich ein poetischer Lump*" — i.e., "Compared with Goethe, I am, and shall remain, a poetical thing of shreds and patches." When Goethe heard of comparisons between himself and his more popular rival, he said that, instead of comparing them, Germany ought rather to be proud of possessing two such poets. Thus, while avoiding that direct comparison which I condemn, it will yet be necessary to analyze their several qualities and characters in order to arrive at a clear understanding of the nature and scope of the noble dual kingship of letters which commenced in Weimar in 1799.

Goethe had at last found a fitting coadjutor. He was incapable of any sense of rivalry, and welcomed every worker who could assist him in furthering the great cause of ennobling German literature. Wieland and Herder had failed him; Schiller now came to more than supply their places. And there was work enough to do. There was nothing that can justly be called a nation behind literature; but there was a reading public, which worshipped false idols, and there were popular writers, who pandered to ignoble popular tastes. The time was subjective, and was tinged with vulgar romanticism. Healthy action was the want of the time and of the land; and popular literature, which is ever the mirror of popular taste, was amorphous, insurgent, and thoroughly debased in tone. It needed great intellectual kings to stamp and mould literature into something true, and sane, and ideal. What may be termed the "castle spectre" strain and style was predominant in popular literature. "*Ardinghello*," "*Abalino, der grosse Bandit*," "*Rinaldo Rinaldini*" (the latter written by the man who afterwards became Goethe's brother-in-law, the brother of Christiane Vulpius), were works which sold well and enjoyed great public favor. In the field of chivalry-romance, Veit, Weber, Cramer, Spiess, Schlenkert worked indefatigably, and owed their inspiration to "*Götz von Berlichingen*." Schiller's "Robbers" had called into existence a large "robber

literature." Gottschall alludes to Cramer's "*Domschütz*," to romances about she-pirate queens, bandit-brides in nunneries, terrible maiden-stealers, and noble sons of brigands. The reverberation of the *Sturm and Drang* school was vulgarized in its echo. Meanwhile the works of Germany's best writers were neglected, and were unremunerative to author and to publisher. As, in order to understand the French Revolution, you must commence by reading backwards, and becoming acquainted with that state of society and politics in France which produced the Revolution, so, if we would rightly understand the crusade in which Goethe sought the help of Schiller, we must cast a glance at the condition of literature and of the reading public towards the end of the eighteenth century. A pillar of fire was, indeed, necessary to lead a favored people across the dark wilderness to a better land; and the two poet-princes furnished to the Germans the guiding light.

It may be here recorded, as a curiosity of literature, that Goethe's own works were not in his own time commercially successful. After his return from Italy, the edition of his collected works, which he had prepared and revised with labor and with care, sold, as his publisher complained, only "very slowly." Our own Coleridge mentions that he gained no money by his writings. He says, "I question whether there ever existed a man of letters so utterly friendless, or so unconnected as I am with the dispensers of contemporary reputation, or the publishers in whose service they labor." In Coleridge's case there was no want of a nation, and a reading nation. The one thing wanting was competent criticism to interpret between author and public. It is true that he wrote somewhat above the heads of ordinary critics, but it remains a reproach to the criticism of his day that the works of Coleridge were not at once successful. He suffered, as other authors before and since have suffered, from the inability of contemporary criticism to recognize high ideal thought or work. He is another instance of the truth that immediate popularity differs widely from enduring fame. When Newton lectured, as Lucasian professor, "so few went to hear him that oftentimes he did, in a manner, for want of hearers read to the walls."

We have now arrived at the period at which the poet-friends entered upon their campaign of German literary leadership. Schiller, the younger and the second king, strenuous, ardent, eager, supplied stimulus

and impelled his greater, calmer friend to activity and productivity. He also tended to wean Goethe from too much leaning to science, and to win him back to poetry, to romance, to the drama.

Grave and earnest, Schiller was comparatively narrow, limited, and one-sided. He was more positive and intolerant than Goethe, and was harsher in the expression of his convictions or opinions. Goethe, so infinitely profounder as a thinker, so almost immeasurably greater as a poet, is yet his inferior in dramatic intuition, energy, swing, impulse, and construction. The dramatic difference between the two poets may conveniently be illustrated by Goethe's "Egmont." Schiller would not have constructed so weak a drama; he could never have conceived or created such immortal figures as Egmont and Clärchen. It is in their lyrics that these poets most nearly approach each other; but, when they seem to touch, Goethe sweeps lightly and easily aloft, with the airy wing of a sunny song-god.

They had work enough before them. To repress and discourage the popular tide of false and mean literature; to excite and encourage nobler work in authors, and a purer taste in the public — these were aims high indeed, but difficult. Truly a task needful in our own day and land — if we had but a Goethe to undertake it!

In estimating Goethe, we must try to realize to our own thought what he was as well as what he did. We know so little of the man Shakespeare, and his work is so sublimely perfect, that we dare not say the same thing of him. The poet who has done "Faust" needs, indeed, but little allowance on the score of work performed; but yet Goethe himself was, perhaps, greater than anything that even he did. A king of men, sovereign over himself, and over this complex, mysterious, many-sided life of ours, was Goethe; nor should it ever be forgotten that he was always ready to sacrifice himself, as an individual writer, to the best needs of his time and country. He never cared, or stooped, to be merely popular; he said of himself that his work never would or could be popular; he despised all striving for ignoble popularity, and waited for fame. Such men can wait.

He was ardently eager to serve Germany by opposing every low and unworthy tendency, by furthering all noble work and ends. He was, probably, often less anxious to produce work which would best have unfolded his own rarest powers than he was to write that which would most

influence a whole literature by example and by critical models. He possessed in the highest degree the magnanimous critical tolerance which is a note of the very highest genius. Self never blurred his vision or obstructed his view. He bore all his weight of learning lightly, like a flower; and his serene and splendid temperament and character were never tainted by the infirmities which are born of angry temper. He had the truest sympathy with every true achievement, and the most generous help at the service of any genuine worker. He estimated, as only he could estimate, all worthy effort; and he praised and furthered any right worker in any domain of science or of art with the heartiest good-will, and with the most stimulating comprehension and encouragement.

It is all hushed now, and the traces of it are far to seek, and are lit up only by the light which surrounds the splendid success of Schiller and of Goethe in their noble self-imposed task, but the opposition originally offered to their crusade was furious, acrid, and general. They were what they were, but they were not yet recognized by the general public to be what they were. We have already seen that Wieland and Herder were antagonistic in very Weimar itself; and Berlin was extremely active in attack. The Dioscuri were treated as two pretenders of doubtful gifts, and the romanticists of the day vehemently impugned their pretensions in the *Athenaeum*. Had I space, I could easily adduce proofs of the enmity which their efforts excited. The hatred which was aroused proves, however, the effect with which they worked. Patient merit takes many spurns of the unworthy, but sometimes even patient merit becomes impatient — especially for the sake of the cause; and in the present instance it flamed into heat and light in the *Xenien*. These epigrammatic little "Dunciads" have nothing of the intense malignity of Pope's satire, but they can sting too, upon occasion. They not only attack bad writers, but bad writing; hence they have a wider wisdom, if less bitterness and fury of invective. They were, in the strictest sense, the joint work of the two poets, and were discontinued only when Goethe became immersed in "Meister." They were at once spear and shield; they could heal and hurt; they were for attack and for defence; and the very fact that such a weapon was resorted to by two such men proves the extent of the antagonism, misconstruction, and enmity which they had to encounter and to overcome.

In the after-time, when great men stand before our thought in the white calm of death, colossal in the marble statues of their immortality, we feel only the glory and the majesty of deathless fame, and forget the sorrow, the struggle, the warfare, all fallen silent now, through which their day of striving and endeavor, of weariness, of disappointment, of toilsome achievement, slowly and often sadly passed. We overlook the contemporary enmity, hatred, and malice; the gross misconception, the ungenerous rivalries, the fierce oppositions, and the savage slanders which surrounded and embittered so many years of their warring lives; we see them, in short, as we now see Goethe and Schiller; we look upon the triumphant warriors, and fail to realize the struggles of the time when, though they had all worth and all merit, they had not yet conquered fame or silenced envy. Time, which soothes sorrow, alone renders justice to genius.

We have seen somewhat of the long and fierce opposition with which two poets had to struggle. It was necessary to exhibit this phase of their noble enterprise, in order that the reader may appreciate the fulness of their after-triumph. We are about to pass to the time at which Weimar became the city of the pilgrims, the mount of the lawgivers, the central light of intellectual Germany.

In this place it may be pointed out that the activity of Weimar in poetry was concurrently emulated by Jena in philosophy. Thuringia was the heart and brain of Germany. At that classic epoch Jena contained Reinhold, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel. Germany has once or twice presented instances of pairs of eminent brothers. At the time which we are now considering, the two Humboldts represented science, and the two Schlegels, together with Hölderlin, represented art in Jena. The correspondence between the great men in Weimar and in Jena was unceasing, and few departments of the post have ever carried so many valuable and interesting letters as did then the Weimar-Jena post-offices.

In the year 1800 Kotzebue returned to Weimar, which was, indeed, his native city. Kotzebue had won great reputation in Germany by his many popular dramas, and it occurred to him that it would be desirable to associate himself with Schiller and with Goethe, and to exalt the Diocural government of intellectual letters into a triumvirate in which he should be the third person. He staked his popularity against the genius of the poet-princes, and

could not understand that men less popular could be his superiors. He showed great adroitness in endeavoring to compass his ends, but he had reckoned without his master. Goethe seldom descended to anything resembling opposition to a would-be rival; but when Goethe chose to fight he was a man who was never vanquished. His quiet force and calm majesty were stronger than the heat and effort of other and of smaller men; and he thoroughly baffled the too ambitious popular dramatist. Kotzebue found means to be presented at the ducal court; but by no means could he obtain an introduction *bei dem geistlichen Hofe*, to the spiritual court over which Goethe presided. Kotzebue intrigued for the support of the ladies Gräfin Einsiedel, Amalie von Imhoff, Frau von Wolzogen, who were members of that small intellectual circle which met at Goethe's house; and with these ladies he had some success, but Goethe remained calmly firm in his invincible opposition. The playwright next tried to gain over Schiller by rendering honor to the lesser poet, which should introduce jealousy and division between the kings; but in this attempt he signally failed: the whole intrigue collapsed, the storm subsided, and the Weimar lighthouse remained unshaken and in steadfast shining.

It will now be worth while to glance briefly at some of the great pilgrims who were attracted to Weimar by the literary chiefs. The *Xenien* prove how bitter was the animosity which they had to overcome; the list of world-renowned visitors will show how complete their influence became. To two of these world-renowned visitors — Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, the ideal humorist, and Ludwig Tieck, the romantic wildling — we owe most valuable and graphic pictures of Weimar in its day of glory, and of the men who made it glorious — Schiller and Goethe.

Jean Paul twice visited Weimar — the first time in 1796, just in the flush of the great success of his "Hesperus." He went at once to Goethe, Wieland, Herder. After a round of visits to the notabilities, he writes cynically, to his friend Otto, "*Schon am zweiten Tage, warf ich hier mein dummes Vorurtheil für grosse Autoren ab als wären es andere Leute.*" Jean Paul had in him a strain of vanity and a touch of affectation; nor could he easily sink self. He resented the Weimar leadership of German literature, and did not consider what service he might have rendered to letters by cordially support-

ing it. On Goethe he did not make a favorable impression. Goethe, writing to Schiller, then at Jena, termed Richter's "Hesperus" "einen Tragelaphen erster Sorte." This Aristophanic epithet may be paraphrased into "an extremely fantastic animal"—i.e., one compounded of a goat and a stag. What was said of the work seems to have been also meant for the man. Goethe adds that he does not think Jean Paul will ever assist them in any practical way. Schiller agreed with his friend's estimate of their visitor; and yet both poets did full justice to the great and unique merits of Jean Paul. Personal characteristics play often as important a part as a man's abilities; and Jean Paul was not quite great or unselfish enough to help men greater than himself to accomplish noble work. His personality and his training were both in the way of cordial relations with Goethe and Schiller. He was passionately full of modern instinct in art, and was defiantly in opposition to the antique beauty of perfect form and exquisite proportion in literary work. He praises Goethe's pantheon of a house in the *Frauenplan*. He awaits with trepidation the appearance of the god, finds him cold and monosyllabic, but describes his eye as a ball of light. They drank champagne together; an animated conversation about art arose between them, and then *man war bei Goethe*—"I saw Goethe." Schiller rather repelled the glowing Titan, who threw himself into the arms of the *Fronde*, and became intimate with Wieland and with Herder. On his second visit to Weimar in 1799, Jean Paul consoled ostentatiously with the opponents of the Dioscuri; and his description of his meeting with Herder may be quoted as a curious example of the manners of the time. He says, "Beneath the open sky I hung upon his [Herder's] lips, and on his breast. I could scarcely speak in the tumult of my joy; I could only weep! Herder could not embrace me enough. When I looked round, I saw that Knebel's eyes also were wet." Rousseau would have made a good third in this touching scene of weeping and of kissing. A sarcastic remark of Jean Paul against Goethe was promptly avenged in the *Xenien* and the breach between him and the two great powers became too wide to be bridged over. Jean Paul retained his original prejudice against the chiefs.

And yet it is a pity that Jean Paul could not have been added to Goethe and to

Schiller as their coadjutor. Despite his caprices and vanities, he was yet the only man worthy of that post which Kotzebue had vainly striven to grasp; and he could — working cordially with two such men — have rendered great service to Germany and German literature.

Jean Paul, through the grotesque and bizarre, was yet a poet. He is certainly the greatest humorist in German literature; and he is a poetical humorist. The source and fount of his peculiar humor is not drollery, but is excited by the conflict, ever going on in human existence, between the ideals of youthful enthusiasm and the actual facts of social and practical life. Hence his humor is sad, is tender, is earnest, is essentially poetical. He lacked the intense feeling for the beautiful which distinguished Goethe; he had not the swing, the impulse, the enthusiasm of Schiller; his want of the sense of form led him often into mere eccentricity in his writings, nor is his style free from affectations on the top of extravagances; but he would yet have added to the eager art ethics of Schiller, and to the exalted aesthetic idealism of Goethe, a tenderness, a humor, and a conscience, a sympathy with the purely modern spirit, which were all his own. Among the Weimar guests was Novalis (Fr. von Hardenberg), the somnambulist of mysticism, whose somewhat sickly strivings after the "blue flower" of poetry contrast strongly with the kingly certainty and ease with which Goethe, the born poet, attained to the heavenly flower which is more mystic than all Novalis' mysticism. Novalis found Goethe only a "practical poet," and considered him deficient in transcendentalism. The fact was that Goethe, though a transcendentalist after a certain sort, had so healthy an ideal nature, that mystery gave him no pause. His view was not obscured by mist, because he could divine the light behind it. Goethe mastered Kant; Schiller was mastered by Kant. Novalis' own deficiency in the highest elements of poetry led him to estimate Goethe, the author of "Faust," as only an "elegant manufacturer of poetic wares."

The voluptuary of romanticism, Ludwig Tieck, visited Weimar and its gods in 1799. Tieck says that Goethe is a "great, complete man, before whom you may bow down in reverence." He also was repelled by Schiller, whom he afterwards stigmatized as a "Spanish Seneca." Herder seems to have received Tieck with cold politeness only. After Goethe's death, a

party sought to place Tieck on the monarch's vacated throne; but no party could enable any man to replace Goethe.

After the pilgrimage to the Athens on the Ilm had become a fashion, we find amongst the many visitors of more or less note the brothers Stolberg, Lenz, Klinger (Goethe could not stand Klinger's reading of his own works), Merck, the Abbé Raynal, Villonson, and that *Sturmwind in Unterrock*, that "hurricane in a petticoat," as Heine calls her, Madame de Staél, whose French vivacity was surprised because Goethe would not talk more freely; Benjamin Constant, Jacobi, Georg Förster, Elisa von der Recke, Lavater, Voss, Bürger—who, to his own discomfiture, introduced himself with the startling announcement, "Are you Goethe? I am Bürger;" and many others. The whole of the cultured young Germany of that time performed pilgrimage to the shrine; and the great man, tormented by many visitors, became reserved, stiff, and something haughty in manner towards all but the few who had the good qualities or the good fortune to please him. There is evidence of his fame and power in the hatred of those whom he would not admit to intimacy. An empty-headed, merely curious windbag visiting Goethe, would not, it is probable, carry away a very pleasant or grateful recollection of the interview. Men judge according to their capabilities. I must here record an amusing anecdote. A Prussian staff-officer (name unhappily unregistered) was quartered in Goethe's house after Jena. This officer, being afterwards much interrogated by the curious as to his impressions of the great man, replied "that he had thoroughly tested the fellow [Goethe] and found that he had nothing but nonsense in his head!" I wish that I could give the name of this staff-officer.

I now pass to the last branch of the subject for which the present essay affords space—the theatre. Goethe always took, as he himself tells us, the pleasure of a child, and the delight of an artist, in theatricals. The Weimar theatre was opened in 1799, and Goethe undertook the supreme direction, with unlimited power. It is interesting to consider the principles upon which he undertook to manage a theatre; though that theatre was, be it remembered, one in a small *Residenz* containing only about seven thousand inhabitants. He says: "*Das Publikum will determinirt seyn; seinen schlechten Gelüsten muss entgegengetreten, sein Geschmack geläutern werden.*" i.e., "The public

must be controlled; its false likings must be opposed, its taste must be bettered." He said later to Schiller, that "*am Gelingen oder Nichtgelingen nach Aussen gar Nichts liegt,*" "success or failure, from outside, is a matter of no importance." He intended in fact to use the theatre as a dramatic school, for national objects, and, careless of popularity or success, he used it also for critical experiments, as he would have used a telescope for scientific investigation. He distinguished keenly between amusement and delight; he would give his small public that which ought to delight it, but he would on no account allow it to have the vulgar food which would best amuse it. The result was often *Langeweile*, and ill-will, amongst the Weimar audiences; but the splendid successes between 1799 and 1805 of Schiller's later dramas—successes which gave to Goethe the purest delight—were great and popular triumphs for the Weimar theatre. In 1799, the then king and queen of Prussia came to Weimar to be present at the first representation of "*Wallenstein*"; and in 1802, the *Schauspielhaus* in Berlin was opened with a performance of Schiller's "*Maid of Orleans*." One of Goethe's objects was to present the poetical and classic drama, and so to oppose the prevailing taste for the pathetic domestic drama, and other realistic forms of plays. Kotzebue and Iffland were, at the time, the most popular dramatists and stage-managers in Germany, and against their whole tendency Goethe proclaimed war. One of his great difficulties was to teach to his actors the poetical declamation of blank verse; of the *idealnen Vers*; an art which was then almost lost upon the German stage. Goethe took himself the greatest trouble to teach declamation. He had to struggle with provincial pronunciation, as well as with inaptitude and a dislike to ideals. Some members of the troop recognized no difference between *b* and *p*, between *d* and *t*; and few were capable of conceiving Goethe's aims. However, a man of genius, with unlimited power and with patient impatience, can do something even with players; and the aesthetic despot gradually trained a good company, which comprised Graff, Schiller's favorite actor, the original representative of *Wallenstein*, Malcolmi, Pius Alexander Wolff, Goethe's favorite pupil, Genast, an excellent low comedian, the younger Unzelmann; and had, as actresses, the daughter of Malcolmi, the wife of Wolff, and the charming and talented Jagemann. The

latter ripened afterwards into Frau von Heygendorff, and the duke's mistress. She it was who caused Goethe to retire finally from the management of the theatre—but thereby hangs a dog's tale; to which we shall come in time.

The Weimar stage had no nation pulsating in its auditorium, had scarcely a public to assist the drama with its reverberation of emotion. Such public as there was, was cold, and could not even applaud in the presence of the court. The audience was a family party, of poor and rich relations, ill at ease amongst each other, and not linked by any strong affection.

The actors were poorly paid—Goethe's own Weimar income was *not* large—and were mediocre; while the chief life in the theatre was imported by an occasional irruption of Jena students, who sometimes behaved turbulently. Eduard Devrient relates that Goethe commonly sat in a chair placed in the centre of the pit, and with those eyes which Thackeray afterwards found to be "extraordinarily dark, piercing, and brilliant," he controlled the assembly. He had small respect for the noisy criticism and applause of the Jena students, and on one occasion, when their conduct was particularly obnoxious, he rose and threatened to have the unruly turned out by hussars. When Schlegel's "Alarcos" was produced in 1802, the piece was received with loud ironical laughter, and the Jupiter, rising from his chair, thundered out, "Let no one laugh!" The Weimar theatre was, in short, subject to a singularly enlightened despotism.

It will be interesting to see something of the style of drama produced during his reign at Weimar. Goethe himself translated and prepared for the stage Voltaire's "Mahomet" and "Tancred;" Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet"—the latter adaptation the mistake of a great man; and Schiller produced Racine's "Phädra," Gozzi's "Turandot," and "Macbeth." A. W. Schlegel's "Ion" and F. Schlegel's "Alarcos" were played; and we find the "Andria" and "The Brothers" of Terence given, with the players in antique masks. Schiller's "Bride of Messina" was brought out in the summer theatre at Lauchstädt, but all his great later dramas were first acted in Weimar, and Schiller himself adapted Goethe's "Egmont" for the stage. Goethe wrote for his stage his "Iphigenia" and "Tasso," two magnificent dramatic poems which yet are not dramas; and he also produced—probably in order

to supply the theatre with pieces—his "*Natürliche Tochter*," "*Gross-Kophta*" and "*Bürgergeneral*," the two latter being his weakest pieces. The greatest dramatic triumph of the Weimar theatre was, without doubt, Schiller's "*Wallenstein*;" and the influence of the Weimar school of poetical and ideal acting is still felt on every high-class stage of Germany. The traditions of Weimar are still handed down, and are held in high respect by every cultured artist actor. It may be here remarked that he knows nothing of acting who has never seen a great actor; in acting, the lightning of genius is the father of light. We may easily divine how Goethe would have detested the ultra-realistic modern drama, manufactured only for vulgar theatrical effect, and the depraved modern French drama. Do away with the Seventh Commandment, and you destroy the drama of modern France.

With Schiller's too early death, in 1805, Goethe's active interest in the Weimar theatre ceased. In 1813, Graf von Ede-link was appointed as his *Intendant*: in 1817, Goethe's son, Kammerherr August von Goethe, became a member of the direction. But Goethe's connection with the theatre was finally and wholly broken off by means of a dog and a mistress. One Karsten possessed a performing poodle and travelled about with this intelligent animal, representing a certain melodrama—"Der Hund des Aubry." The pampered and petted Von Heygendorff, formerly the Jagemann, bore a spite against the inflexible director, and, with feminine malice, she, in order to annoy Goethe, induced her lover, the duke, to consent to an engagement of Karsten and his dog. Goethe at once resigned, and the duke accepted the resignation. He afterwards withdrew his acceptance, but Goethe remained proudly inflexible; and the classic epoch of the Weimar theatre was terminated by a clever and unconscious poodle, who emulated the mischief produced by Newton's dog Diamond.

We have now glanced rapidly, as the eye runs from peak to peak of an Alpine chain, over the leading features of the great day of great men in classic Weimar. Its *Gartenhaus*, its park, all its charming country surroundings, are now bare ruined quires where once the sweet birds sang; but round the whole city gather the sacred associations of deathless memories. The chief figure in the place is that of him who lived there longest, and who will live longest as the greatest name in German literature—Goethe. As the years glide

on, and he becomes an ancient of many days, all the clouds disappear, all the contentions, and jealousies, and enmities cease; and his old age stands out against a background of noble calm, surrounded by the serene harmony of a most splendid sunset. He has honor, love, obedience, troops of friends; he has all that even such a man can have around life's glorious close. There is sadness too; for where are the friends of youth, the fellow-workers of manhood? Goethe has outlived much—and many. Herder and Wieland are gone; Schiller, the nearest and dearest of all, sleeps in God's acre of Weimar; wife and son have left him; Karl August lies by Schiller, and shall rest, when the other comes, between his own loved poets, Schiller and Goethe. The third grave waits; but Goethe has immortality on earth, and a calm confidence in the divinity of Deity. His dying exclamation, "More light!" had been the aspiration of his long and nobly striving life, aiming ever to live resolutely *im Wahren, Guten, Schönen*; and more light shall come, blended with diviner harmony. His writings remain our possession. "What the experience of the most complexly-situated, deep-searching, every way *far-experienced* man has yielded him of insight, lies written for all men here. He who was of compass to know and feel more than any other man, this is the record of his knowledge and feeling! 'The deepest heart, the highest head to scan,' was not beyond his faculty; thus, then, did he scan and interpret; let many generations listen." So says our own Carlyle. In any attempt, such as this present is, to picture Weimar in its day of greatness, the central figure ever must remain that of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.

H. SCHUTZ WILSON.

From The Victoria Magazine.
HOW IT HAPPENED.

BY NARISSA ROSAVO.
AUTHOR OF "POLLY."

REDCHESTER was, in old days, a fashionable seaside town. It is now chiefly peopled by persons concerned in the fishing trade, which prospers here: by the male and female scholars and teachers of two large educational establishments called respectively the college and the academy: and by some ever-varying detachment of troops. The place is too large for these inhabitants, and

only looks as lively as it ought on market-days, when visitors crowd in from the surrounding country districts. We might have many permanent summer guests here, if only there were any railway stations near at hand, but there are not; and so the grand old squares of houses in the upper part of the town are mouldering away, and falling into ruins. We have to travel ten miles by coach, cab, or wagon, as the case may be, to reach the junction, in order to proceed thence to the city of Weston or elsewhere; and this is the nearest spot from which we can commence a journey by train.

Redchester is divided into districts. All the upper part is appropriately termed "Look-out," as it commands an extensive view of the ocean and harbor, which is continually gay with home and foreign boats and small vessels. Up above here there is a pretty tree-enclosed square, where the shopkeepers promenade on certain evenings in summer and listen to the band playing; and where the young people sometimes amuse themselves at croquet. The assembly-rooms and billiard-hall overlook this. The barracks are near at hand; and then, a little further on, stands our very old-fashioned and somewhat clumsy-looking church, which is rich in strange monuments and weird legends.

Look-out also boasts of a large monastery within its precincts. This is inhabited by some foreign order of monks, who go about bare-headed, and wear long grey gowns, gathered in at the waist by coarse ropes.

Down below, Redchester is intersected by a wide river, emptying itself into the ocean. Two bridges cross this, and one of these is dilapidated and shadowed over by tall trees. The districts they connect are termed Old and New Town: and in both an odor of fish, in every stage of preservation and decay, is universally prevalent.

The academy, before mentioned, is in the latter division. It is, in part, a charitable institution, and there are consequently strict rules laid down concerning the attire of the pupils. Girls of all ages, from ten to thirty, can receive an excellent education here, fitting them for private life or for holding situations as governesses, when they can secure a nomination for the school, for the moderate cost of about thirty pounds a year; but they must dress almost as simply as Quakers, and are allowed no license in the matter of doing up the hair peculiarly or becomingly. Curls or waves must be brushed out, how-

ever hard the task may be, and no pads are permitted to be worn.

The college is situated in Old Town. My husband, John Grey, is one of the head masters, and we live in a large and very antiquated-looking house, which adjoins the main building; twelve of the scholars always residing with us. Our hall-door opens out upon the narrow, winding street, and is approached by a broad, high flight of stone steps. Every part of our mansion is constructed on an immense scale, as though, when it was built, Redchester had been inhabited by a race of giants. The rooms are lofty, the walls thick, and the doors enormous. A long arched and flagged passage, or corridor, connects our dwelling with the school to which we are attached.

We have had one great friend here ever since our arrival: Louis Carter, a man of somewhat multifarious employments. He has been, at one time, very well off. There was every prospect of his having large means in his hands, and of his holding a good position in society, but his father speculated heavily, and lost nearly all he possessed. His last act, shortly before his death, had been the purchase of an annuity for his son and only child, with the remains of his fortune. "He did this because he believed me quite incapable of earning anything for myself," Louis explained to me, one of those soft, dreamy, half-sad smiles peculiar to him lighting up his face as he spoke.

Our friend was just over thirty when we knew him first. He had devoted his youth and early manhood to the study and culture of music, which was his great and absorbing pleasure; but when comparative poverty fell upon him he turned his attention to other things. At the time I now write of, although he was organist at our church, and also gave music lessons two evenings in each week at the academy, he was, besides, employed every morning as a clerk in a thriving local bank.

Thus he was a busy and tolerably well-to-do man, but he was quite alone in the world, and was of a depressed and desponding turn of mind. He had, moreover, a great dislike to Redchester. Its ruined houses and its somewhat desolate, world-forsaken air oppressed him with gloom and melancholy forebodings, he was wont to say. I always, on the contrary, cherished a particular partiality for the place. It seemed to me as if life in this picturesque spot could not be as commonplace and unromantic as it might be elsewhere.

I gave lessons twice a week at the academy as well as Louis Carter, but the accomplishment I taught was drawing. When I arrived at the school one blustering day early in January, I found that two new pupils were to be added to my class. These were Fenella and Frances Perrin, the daughters of a medical man who had died suddenly, and had left so little provision for his family that these, his eldest children, had come to Redchester with the intention of qualifying themselves to act as governesses. The last-mentioned girl was the elder of the two, but almost every one instinctively put the names in the order I have used above; for Frances had an air of almost childish simplicity about her, which made her appear to be far younger than her sister. Fenella was also a whole head the taller of the pair, and carried herself with an indescribably coquettish confidence of manner.

I thought that Frances was singularly unsuited to the profession she intended to adopt. A beautiful, refined, and sensitive face, a lovely voice, and a shy and timid manner are not the best qualifications with which a young governess can face the world. And all these she possessed.

A great many of the girls had not returned yet from their homes, whither they had gone to spend the Christmas holidays, on the morning when I first made acquaintance with my new pupils. Nevertheless, the long room, in which the drawing and music lessons were given to the more advanced scholars, was tenanted by a small crowd of young people when I entered it. There was a large bow-window at each end, and a great fireplace nearly opposite the door. Round this some twenty or thirty girls were standing, sitting, and kneeling; all busily engaged laughing, whispering, or listening.

Frances and Fenella Perrin were a little apart from the rest, looking as uncomfortable as they no doubt felt upon this their first day in a strange place. The former had her small white hands clasped nervously together. She stood with her slender, graceful figure drawn up to its fullest height. Her beautiful, tender face was pale, and her wide-open blue eyes had in them a look of pathetic and wistful abstraction. Her sunny, light-brown hair shone and glistened even on this dull day. She made a lovely picture.

Fenella was leaning over the back of a tall chair, in a very ungraceful attitude. She was evidently in a great state of indignation at something which had occurred. She sulked and pouted, and her brows

were angrily contracted, while her eyes bore traces of recent tears. She sat next to me as I gave my lesson, and by degrees she brightened up into a good humor. She displayed decided talent, and improved every instant in personal appearance, as her face began more and more to glow with cheerful animation, until I was inclined to consider her almost as uncommon-looking and attractive as her sister, though in a very different way. Frances was busily drawing at the opposite side of the table, and her small, glossy head offered so striking a contrast, and so pretty a point of view, that my eyes strayed thither again and again.

My class was broken up, and lights were brought in, just as Louis Carter entered the room to give his afternoon lessons. It struck me that his face wore an unusually grave and forlorn look that evening, but he smiled a greeting when he recognized me. I was a little curious to see what impression the new pupils would make upon him. They were neither of them girls to be passed over unnoticed in any assemblage.

I naturally concluded that none of the three had ever met before, and I was therefore much surprised to hear Fenella whisper to her sister, "It is he! It is the same Mr. Carter, and he is my very particular friend. What do you think of him?"

Frances had a habit of pausing before she spoke, as if she were anxious not to say anything without due consideration. She was just beginning to reply when the governess, who had appeared with our professor, called the two up to introduce them to the notice of the master. As she did so I noticed that she put the younger girl's name first, as I have done in writing, and as I always felt inclined to do when addressing them both together by word of mouth. In after days I often wished that we had not all fallen into this habit.

It was explained that Frances did not play much. Hitherto she had never attempted more than the performance of her own accompaniments. I drew a little nearer to observe whether Louis was also an old acquaintance of hers. It appeared not, but he was evidently far from remaining unimpressed by her beauty. His cheek flushed when his dreamy eyes fell upon the lovely downcast face before him, and I thought he lingered over the delivery of his opinion as he told her gently that he considered she made a great mistake, if she had a fine voice, in not straining every nerve to become a good player as well as

an excellent singer. "So much depends on the way that a song is accompanied," he said.

Fenella had been waiting impatiently. She now held out her hand. "You and I have met before, Mr. Carter," she exclaimed, with a saucy and coquettish air. The other pupils opened their eyes with surprise at her audacity. It was not etiquette in the school for the girls to speak to the masters, except when they had some question to ask about their studies.

"Stand aside, Miss Perrin, if you please," the governess said, in freezing tones, while she motioned to another young lady to come forward and take her place at the piano.

I was now ready to return home, but it was raining heavily, and the German mistress persuaded me to wait a while in the hope that the weather might improve. This was her holiday hour, and she carried me off up-stairs to her room, to share her leisure for a time. She had a pleasant little sanctum here, all to herself. The chamber was cosy, cheerful, and warm, for a bright fire was burning in the grate. A large cat sat on the rug, purring and blinking. A vase filled with sweet-scented violets and Christmas roses was upon the table, and an open piano stood against the wall. It would have been impossible for us to make use of this instrument just now, however, even had we wished to do so, as the music from below came to us in full distinctness. We sat down and listened. There was presently a change of performers. Some one began to play with a good deal of brilliancy, but in every few bars a note was dropped or played incorrectly.

"I feel sure it is Fenella Perrin who is at the piano," I said.

My companion ran off to find out whether my surmise had been correct, and came back laughing, and informing me I was right.

"What a face, perfectly lovely, has the little girl with the bright hair," she observed, enthusiastically, as she sat down again.

Of course I assented to this. "I like both the girls," I said. "They must come to me on Saturday next."

At this moment a clear, full, melodious voice began to sing that pathetic "Parting Song," by Gilbert.

"It is Frances. It is early yet to talk of separation, when she has only just come to us," I said, when the last soft notes had died away. She was one of those singers who can constrain attention, and make the

hearers forgot the world, and all its cares, as they listen.

By the time the rain had ceased it was quite dark, and I was very glad to find that Louis Carter was then ready and willing to escort me home. We chose the shortest way from the academy to the college, although this led us over the old bridge, which my companion told me he nearly always avoided crossing. He kept me lingering there on this occasion, however.

"I never saw any beauty in this dreary place before," he said. "I have generally an instinctive, unaccountable dislike to the spot; and yet, to-night, it has a sort of fascination for me. Perhaps I shall learn to admire Redchester scenery in the end, Mrs. Gray, as you do."

The moon had just risen, and was casting a white ghostly light around. Candles gleamed in cottage windows here and there, and lamps burned and flared in many of the boats. A great tree near us cast gloomy shadows from its leafless branches, and shook and groaned beneath the wintry blast. The water below rushed swirling through the arches of the bridge, and washed angrily against the sides of some old decaying vessels, drawn up on the bank, at a little distance off, to await the destructive work of time, for seafaring superstition forbade their use as firewood.

We were nearing home, at last, when my companion suddenly asked me if I would do him a favor.

"Certainly, if it is in my power," I answered, wondering at his eager and yet hesitating manner. "What do you wish?"

"Will you get the Miss Perrins to attend our choir practice?"

"If I can. The pretty one could help much with her voice. Is she not beautiful?"

"I never saw any one half so lovely before," he replied, and I thought the arm upon which my hand rested trembled as he spoke.

"And Fenella," I inquired, "do you like her? She and you seemed to be old friends."

"I used to meet her, sometimes, when I was living at Weston," he said, absently. "She is gay and merry; but when she plays she has no soul."

We had reached the college then, and he was turning away.

"Has Frances no soul in her voice?" I asked.

I thought he had not heard my question; but after a short pause a very energetic

reply came wafted to me through the gloom made by the overshadowing houses.

"Plenty of soul, but much need of study."

II.

It had become a settled thing that the Perrin girls were to spend every Saturday afternoon with me. We had all three taken to each other, and I did not quite know whether I liked Frances or Fenella most. The latter I soon discovered to be an arrant coquette and flirt. She was, moreover, intolerably vain. Both the girls had already many admirers in Redchester. Much to my surprise, Fenella was more thought of and talked about than Frances. Whenever the former escaped from the academy she was always on the *qui vive*, looking out for a meeting with any male being, were it even but a juvenile collegian, with whom she could get up a little flirtation. It was quite a trial to her, I am sure, that there was seldom a youth to be seen with us when she arrived; for as Saturday was a half-holiday at the college as well as at the academy, all the scholars generally dined very early, and set out at once after dinner upon some country expedition.

I took the two girls to the choir practice at six every Saturday evening, and thence accompanied them back to the school. The organist had made it his custom to escort us from the church on this latter walk. I saw very plainly that he was fast losing his heart to one of my young friends, but, I confess, I found it impossible to decide positively as to which of them was proving the attraction; and I believe that I was not the only person who considered over this question.

Fenella always spoke of Louis by the title of her "particular friend;" and she was continually quoting speeches to us, from his lips, which certainly, as she delivered them, appeared to have been said with a tender meaning. But then we both knew she was apt to see things as she wished them to be, rather than as they were exactly. Nevertheless, it was a matter of fact that our musical professor talked more to her than I had ever known him do to any one else.

Frances and he rarely conversed together, and in his absence she never mentioned him; but if he were suddenly spoken of before her, I noticed that she blushed and grew confused. She was always rather inclined to silence, but on our Saturday evening walks she now

rarely uttered a word. Her face wore a meditative air at such times, and her gentle, wistful eyes were sometimes turned with a puzzled and questioning expression upon Louis and her sister, when Fenella, according to her wont, was trying to rouse her companion into a humor for exchanging lively badinage with her. As we all grew more and more intimate, she was often successful in these attempts, for our friend was no longer the gloomy and moody man he had been. My husband and I rejoiced over the change in him. He carried himself now with a more erect carriage, and walked with a firmer, more elastic tread than before; and at this time he breathed into his voluntaries a sort of triumphal tone, very different from the pathetic sadness they had formerly expressed.

"He has given us one of Batiste's Andantes as if it were a wedding march, or a Christmas carol," I said to Frances, after service one Sunday, while we exchanged greetings in the church porch. She practised instrumental music diligently in those days; and once, when Mr. Carter rewarded some modest performance of hers with an emphatic "Well done," I saw such a tender, happy smile brighten her fair face!

It was two o'clock on Saturday when the girls arrived at the college. The boys, as usual, had all dispersed, and we turned into the drawing-room, before going upstairs, to discuss the respective merits of two photographs Frances had just had done, and which she had brought me to choose from. One showed her full-face,—the other gave a profile view of the lovely, refined features. Both were so pretty that I found it difficult to make a selection between them. I put them back, at last, into their envelope, which I laid upon the table, and proposed that I should defer my decision until later.

We were all very merry that day, and we walked up the wide, old-fashioned oak staircase three abreast, laughing and talking as we went, and having our arms linked together.

We all three grew deep in discussion over a book we were reading, and this made us linger up-stairs even longer than we need have done. Thus it was twenty minutes, or perhaps even half an hour, before we descended. Our surprise was therefore great at finding the drawing-room tenanted by Louis Carter.

He stood up as we went in, looking, I thought, strangely flushed and confused. Louis told us that he had got a holiday

from bank work on this occasion, as he had not been quite well all the morning. He had called to offer us tickets for a concert to be held that evening in the town hall. When he arrived the maid had showed him in here, saying we should be down immediately.

We were much pleased at the idea of the evening's entertainment, but I said we must walk back to the academy and ask permission to enjoy ourselves before we definitely arranged to go. Fenella was in exuberant spirits. She danced about the room with delight, laying down a programme of our proceedings as she went. "High tea at four," she said; "then a journey to the school, to ask leave of Mother Crooke. After that the choir practice; and, to crown all, a concert. Were ever school-girls so fortunate as we?" She paused in her tour of ecstasy before the round table, and began heaping the books one upon another.

The day was a very busy one — so busy that I never, during its course, recollect the photographs I was to choose between. The girls were equally forgetful, for our minds were engrossed with other matters up to the moment of parting. I did not go in search of the photographs until the following evening. To my surprise and indignation, I found that there was no longer a choice left to me. The profile likeness alone remained in the envelope which had contained the two.

I could only, at the moment, conclude that some of the boys had been rummaging in the place, and that they had been unable to resist the temptation of securing so great a prize. If this was the case, however, I wondered that both photographs had not been taken. I called my husband into the room and consulted with him. His suspicions went in the same direction as mine, and yet we neither of us liked to ask questions or to make inquiries upon the subject, lest there might possibly be some mistake.

I was much provoked at the loss, and still more vexed with myself for carelessly leaving the photographs tossing about. I began to turn over the books, in the vain hope that one of the likenesses had fallen between them, when a sudden thought flashed across my mind.

"I have it!" I exclaimed joyfully. My husband was sitting by the fire.

"I felt sure it would turn up," he said, in a relieved tone.

"Oh, I have not found the likeness!" I cried. "I have only hit upon an idea. I feel certain now that Louis Carter took

the photograph while he was here alone in the room. I am delighted, too, to know this. It clears up all my perplexity. It shows me that Frances is the one he cares for. I must tell her about the loss, and make her understand who has been the thief."

"You will do nothing of the kind, I hope," my husband said. "Your conjectures may be correct, but they may also be wrong. I think the only right course is to keep silence for the present, and in the mean time to go off and order a new copy from the photographer."

This was what I eventually did, and I was very soon extremely thankful that I had followed this advice.

The next Saturday happened to be St. Valentine's day. The girls came to me, as usual; but Frances was coughing, and seemed ill. She was perfectly pale, and her eyes looked larger than usual, and there were dark lines drawn underneath her lower lids. She laughed and talked, however, with forced and feverish gaiety quite unnatural to her. Both maidens were laden with valentines, and Fenella was merry with a right good will, although I saw her occasionally stealing a pitying glance at her sister.

I recognized the handwriting upon many of the envelopes shown to me. The Red-chester collegians had been particularly amorously inclined this year. The younger girl had received no less than seventeen triumphs of art, while Frances displayed twelve tokens of admiration.

"Is that all?" I asked, at last, when I had my lap full of Cupids, doves, and roses.

"There is one more," Fenella said gaily, and yet with a certain hesitation of manner; "but it is of quite a different sort from these. It is a *real* one. Don't you think so, Frances?"

The poor child had been bending over the fire. She shivered as she attempted to smile when thus addressed. I saw her blue eyes fill with tears, as she answered, in a husky voice,—

"I don't know — yes — I suppose it is." Her liveliness had failed her all of a sudden, and I wondered what could be the matter.

Fenella, meanwhile, had drawn her last treasure forth, and now held it before me. This valentine consisted of a large unornamented sheet of white paper, containing a bold sketch of the seashore and of the great heaving ocean. Underneath was written:—

So vast my love!
My bliss as boundless,
If thou wilt be mine.—L. C.

The envelope was directed to Miss F. Perrin, and there had been no attempt made to disguise the handwriting. The sender was certainly our organist, and he wished that fact to be known. I pushed all the gaudy missives aside in disgust, and sat silent for a while. Fenella was quite keen enough to see what was in my mind, but she passed no remark. Frances was so engrossed in trying to appear indifferent that she observed nothing. I got up and brought her the likeness I had just received from the photographer, saying aloud that I had determined to keep the profile likeness; while all the time I was mentally repeating, over and over again, "He did not take it, then, and I have been deceived."

As Frances had a cold, I proposed that we should not go to the choir practice that evening. Fenella remonstrated against this idea with eager indignation, and the elder girl yielded at once, and consented to go, as if the matter were quite indifferent to her, although she had confessed to feeling weary and unequal to further effort.

Fenella vexed and provoked me all that day. And yet I was unreasonable, no doubt, in expecting her to act otherwise than as she did, considering the circumstances of the case, and her nature. She feigned extreme fatigue when we left the church, until she almost obliged Mr. Carter to offer her his arm. He only went with us half way to the academy, however. He turned away then, pleading urgent business as an excuse for leaving us; and after that how Fenella did chatter!

"He asked me if there could be any hope for him," she said, breaking out into a conscious little laugh; "and I said, 'Of course not; ' and, would you believe it, the stupid old fellow trembled all over as the words came out! He is a goose. Instead of shivering and going away like that he ought to have settled the whole matter to-night, upon the spot."

Frances and I were walking arm in arm. She too trembled just now, and I, half inadvertently, caught her hand in mine, but she drew quite away from me as I did so.

"You talk too much of things, Fenella," she said, with a little gasp.

"What is the good of things except to talk of them?" was the very characteristic answer given to this remark.

Fenella came to me by herself next Saturday. Frances had been laid up ever

since that evening with a feverish cold. We did not go to the choir practice. Even had I been inclined to take Fenella by herself, she would not have cared much to go, as Louis Carter was absent on bank business, and had deputed his duties to an assistant. I went back with her in the evening to the school, to see Frances. She was up and down-stairs again, but she still looked ill. Her face was white and pinched, her hands burned painfully. When I touched her lips they, too, felt unnaturally hot, but she called herself nearly well.

"I shall be quite ready to go to you and to the choir practice next week," she whispered. "Fenella tells me I mope, and that this attracts notice, but indeed I don't wish to do so. I would not interfere with her happiness for the whole world."

III.

THE boys were unusually tardy about dispersing on the following Saturday. The weather was mild, dull, and spring-like, and they were intending to go off upon some fishing excursion. Their preparations for this were very elaborate and noisy. I grew weary, at last, of hearing them tramping backwards and forwards through the long passage connecting our house with the college, and of listening to loud-voiced discussions about rods, bait, and tackle. I opened the great hall-door, and went out upon the steps to get a little peace.

The air was delightfully soft and balmy, but the prospect before me was far from enlivening. A cart laden with dried fish splashed through the muddy street. Two officers, attired in unbecoming undress, went by, with cigars in their mouths, obliging a market-woman to get off the path to allow them to pass. They had just turned out of sight when one of the bare-headed grey monks appeared, walking with downcast eyes, and a quick, silent step. A group of persons came into view almost immediately afterwards. They were Frances, with Louis Carter, followed by Fenella, who had the curate of the parish as her companion. All four looked out of sorts and uncomfortable. I felt instinctively that something disagreeable must have occurred, and I waited anxiously to greet the girls. The two gentlemen turned away in opposite directions when they reached the house, raising their hats to us all.

Fenella was at my side in an instant. Her eyes were blazing with angry excitement, and she threw back her head with a

haughty, indignant toss and air. Frances stumbled up the steps, and burst into hysterical sobs as she got close to me. "Oh, hush!" I said, leading her into my husband's study, that being the only room down-stairs in which we could be free from the boys' intrusion.

"How I hate such meanness!" Fenella cried, looking at her sister with an unutterably wrathful gaze. "If you had a lover, I would not try to entice him away from you, although it might indeed be fair enough for me to make the attempt, when you are so much prettier than I."

It was some little time before I could ascertain the meaning of all this, but at last I gathered that the facts of the case ran as follows: —

On leaving the academy the girls had gone for a little walk before turning towards the college. They had met the curate, and Fenella, only too delighted to secure any male companion, had challenged him to escort them to their destination, which he was quite ready to do. Shortly afterwards, however, they fell in also with Louis Carter, who immediately attached himself to Frances, entering into earnest and private conversation with her. The younger girl, who regarded him as her own particular property, was terribly chagrined and provoked at this, and the young clergyman was made to feel himself quite *de trop* by her. While she was giving me an account of her grievances, Frances stood at my side, trembling, and shedding showers of tears. She now sobbed out a declaration that, although Mr. Carter had said he had but just left the bank, she felt sure he must have been drinking somewhere.

"For shame!" I cried. "How can you say such a thing of a man like Louis Carter? No one ever saw him the worse for drink. How could you possibly even think it of him?"

"I have every right, at any rate, to ask what he was saying to you," Fenella interrupted, angrily.

"You shall know all about it at once," Frances answered, looking up. "When we came to the old bridge he was asking me to marry him."

Fenella looked unspeakable things, but her anger choked her voice for the moment.

"And you said?" I asked.

"What could I say that would have been half hard enough? I tell you he was not himself. He must have been drinking. He stumbled twice, and nearly fell down; and his eyes were blazing at me in such a

terrible way. I asked him how he dared to say such things to me, after all that has passed, and I told him I would sooner die than marry a man that any one could say had been mean and dishonorable."

"You said what you had no right to say," I remarked, angrily. "I never met a more provoking pair of girls in my life."

"He was not sober," she insisted, passionately. "He could not walk steadily."

"You stumbled twice as you came up the steps here," I said, dryly, "and yet you are quite sober. I don't consider girls should say such things, or ought even to let themselves think them, of men — especially of good men, like Louis Carter — unless there is no possibility of mistake about the matter. My idea is that there has been some most extraordinary misapprehension in this affair from the very beginning. Perhaps he thinks that Fenella is the elder, as I thought at first. He may have intended the valentine for you."

"Oh!" exclaimed Fenella, interrupting me indignantly. "Then pray, what can you make of all the things he said to me? of all the times he asked me if there was any hope for him?"

"Perhaps he did not understand how jealous you are," I answered, coldly. "He may have believed that you knew and understood his admiration for Frances. His questions probably referred to her."

"You may think what you like," was the angry reply, "but from the commencement he paid attentions to me, and to me only, even before he knew Frances. He may have turned off to her now. It is always the way. She set to work to charm him from me, at once, with her beauty, and of course she has succeeded. It is easy for her to have things as she wishes; but he is a mean, wicked, dishonorable man, and I congratulate her upon what she gets in him. But I will have my revenge some day."

Matters were going too far, and I took pattern by Frances, and began to cry. Fenella was soon in tears also, and then we presently kissed all round, and forgave each other.

The younger girl then said, magnanimously, "You may have him, Frances, if you wish to take such a mean fellow; but I will try and keep far away from you both, for I hate him with my whole heart, and I never can forgive any one." She spoke half regretfully, but her lips again grew pale with angry emotion.

"You need not distress yourself about the matter," Frances answered, quietly.

"I could never like any one who had acted dishonorably."

"But he has not, I feel sure," I said. "It has been all a mistake."

"He has only wrecked my happiness forever," Fenella observed, in tragical tones.

"I will never, never marry him," Frances sobbed, clinging to her aggrieved sister; and I knew she spoke with a resolute and obstinate heart.

We discontinued our attendance at the choir practice after this, but otherwise things appeared to go on much as usual. The girls took their music lessons as of old, and it was no doubt good discipline for them to be obliged to act as though nothing had happened. Fenella prospered and grew merry again very speedily under this self-restraint. She was ever ready once more to avail herself of any chance opening for flirtation that came in her way. Schoolboy, curate, vicar, or doctor, all were alike acceptable to her, if they were willing to allow her to amuse herself at their expense.

Francis was, however, no longer what she had been. Her former calm and even temperament was gone. When she fancied herself unnoticed she drooped languidly, and sat with idle clasped hands, as though weary of her life. At other times she was feverishly active and eager. Her cheeks burned on such occasions, and her hands trembled. I thought her far from well or strong, but she was resolute in declaring that there was nothing the matter with her.

Louis Carter, to my great distress, withdrew himself completely from me and from my husband. We could only mourn in secret over this estrangement, and over the sad change we perceived in him. He walked heavily, and with stooping shoulders, now, while a cloud of gloomy reserve had settled upon his face.

At last, one evening late on in June, my husband induced him to come in and take tea with us. The meal would have been an uncomfortable one had not the boys been present. Our organist had always been a somewhat silent man. Few good musicians are given to much talk. The habit of uncommunicativeness in which he had now enwrapped himself had, however, I am sure, grown almost as oppressive to him as it was to others. It appeared to me that he was continually dwelling upon some melancholy topic, and considering it in all its bearings.

I guessed the subject of his thoughts, and I even fancied he was wishing to con-

sult me upon it, for I found his eyes fixed; now and again, with a mournful, questioning gaze, upon my face: but a wall of embarrassment had risen up between us since our last meeting.

We were alone together in the dusky drawing-room after tea, but conversation failed us even then, and at last I asked him to play to me. He went to the piano at once, and I sat near the window and watched his hands, as I listened to the river of melody which began to flow through the shadowy chamber. I saw that he had still his old habit of stooping as he played, as if to listen for what the notes would say, and of then suddenly raising his head in an attentive attitude, as though he were looking out and waiting for an answer from above.

I was in a dreamy trance of enjoyment, when the music suddenly came to an abrupt stop, and the player said slowly, "Your friends, the Miss Perrins, do not ever come to the choir practice now."

"They do not," I answered. At the moment I could think of nothing else to say.

"Could you tell me how it was that I offended Miss Frances Perrin?" he continued, hesitatingly.

I grew confused, and delayed a little before I faltered out the monosyllable, "No."

"I might have guessed not," he said, bitterly, and after that we sat for a while without speaking. At last I said quickly, "Why do you call her Miss Frances Perrin? she is the elder of the two girls."

An exclamation of pain floated over to me through the gloom, with a wailing sound; something as though it had been a prayer. He turned from the piano, and began speaking eagerly. "I did not know," he said. "I always believed she was the younger. Will you tell her —"

But just at this moment a servant brought in candles, and then my husband joined us. He was full of a journey which he had just learned it would be necessary for him to take on the following day. There was business to be done in Weston, which was distant about thirty miles from the railway junction, and this, as I said before, lay ten miles from us.

I was shocked to see the terrible alteration that the past few months had wrought in our friend's appearance when I observed him by the full light now in the room. He looked ill and worn, and yet there was certainly, at this moment, a hopeful, animated gleam in his face which had not been there when John brought him to me,

a couple of hours before, in the other chamber. He spoke, too, in readier and more lively tones, now, than he had used all the evening, as he told us that he, also, had engaged to go next morning to Weston, on banking affairs.

"The manager asked me to undertake some business there for him," he said, "and I agreed, not caring whether I went or stayed, although the weather is certainly unpleasantly hot and dusty for a long and wearisome journey. As things are now, however," he added, speaking to me in whispered tones, "I think my own affairs here want so much immediate looking after that I should much prefer remaining at home."

It was arranged that my husband and Louis should take a cab together to and from the junction.

"What a pity Fenella and her friend could not go under your escort," I said, inadvertently; but I immediately checked myself, remembering that under existing circumstances, it was much better that the organist should not meet his old acquaintance, at any rate for the present. The midsummer vacation was just commencing, both at the college and school. Frances was to spend the holidays with me, and I hoped to send her back to the academy in better health and spirits than she now enjoyed. Fenella was to start, next evening, for the country with a schoolfellow, at whose home she had been invited to spend a few weeks.

Mr. Carter was with us very early next morning. He arrived before the cab came to the door. He was pale and heavy-eyed, but cheerful in tone and manner. "You look as if you had not slept, and yet as though you rather enjoyed lying awake," I said laughingly to him.

"Perhaps you are right in both surmises," he answered with a smile. "You certainly are in the first. Nature is taking her revenge now, for I could fall off into a profound slumber at this moment, if I got a chance of doing so. I must keep wide awake, to-day, however. I have endless accounts to go through in Weston, and then, coming home, I shall have a large sum of money in my hands. Tomorrow, as you know, is market-day here, and the manager expects to need a good deal of gold; beside which my pocket-book is to be filled with notes on his behalf."

He had a small valise in his hand.

"Is that meant for all the sovereigns?" I asked, pointing to it, and wondering at the unusual communicativeness of my friend.

He nodded.

"You must take care of it then," I said, sagaciously.

I stood on the doorstep to see the travellers drive off, and repeated my warning as they both waved me a final farewell.

The weather was very sultry, and they had a tiresome day. When they met in the evening, at the Weston station, John was distressed to find that his companion was completely worn out by the bodily and mental fatigues he had gone through. The train was so crowded that it was impossible for the two to travel together. My husband was provoked at this, as he was anxious to relieve his friend of all care and anxiety concerning his heavily laden valise. Under existing circumstances he was only able to see that Louis was comfortably ensconced in the corner seat of a first-class carriage. Having provided him with a newspaper, he was obliged to hurry off and secure a place for himself.

The train stopped for ten minutes about midway between Weston and the junction, and John got out here to look after his fellow-traveller. Louis was then suffering from a racking headache. He was leaning forward, supporting his forehead upon his hands, and groaning with agony. The sudden stoppage of the train seemed to increase his sufferings, although, a moment before, he had attributed his torments to the rapid movement. He had thrust the precious valise beneath his feet, and another passenger had appropriated his copy of the *Times*.

"I feel as if I could give all I have about me for one drop of cold water," he said, looking up at John with a ghastly attempt at a smile. My husband brought him a glassful, and then proceeded to lay a wet handkerchief upon his aching brows. When this was accomplished, John was obliged to return to his seat. His patient was much better by the time the junction was reached. The two met Fenella and her friend here, and waited to see them off. The girls continued their journey by the train that the other travellers had just left.

IV.

In the mean time, Frances and I had been spending the day together very quietly. When I had her all to myself in the silent house—for all our boarders had departed—I told her what had occurred the previous evening, but I had hardly got through my short tale when I began to

regret that I had mentioned the organist's name at all. My poor friend was not strong enough to bear any excitement, and she sobbed and cried until she made herself ill.

"Never talk to me about him again," she said at last, imploringly. "There are some things that never can come right in this world, when once they have gone wrong, and this is one of them."

She shivered and trembled all through this hot day as though she had an ague fit.

We had taken tea, and my husband was rejoicing in being home again, when we were all startled by a loud and hurried knocking at the hall door. He was called away, and Frances and I waited anxiously, longing to know what was the matter. We both felt that foreboding of evil which so often fills the mind on the occasion of an unexpected summons coming at some unusual hour.

It seemed as though we were a long time kept in suspense; but at last John reappeared, in the act of drawing on his overcoat. His face was troubled and perplexed, and he looked uneasily at Frances.

"Carter has lost his pocket-book," he said. "There was a thousand pounds in it, in Bank of England notes. He has been with the police, and has telegraphed hither and thither, and now he wants me to drive back with him to the junction. So you must not expect me home to-night until you see me, Mary."

"And it is the bank money!" I exclaimed, breathlessly. "But then, of course, they have the numbers of the notes down, wherever he got them."

"That is just what they have not," John answered, impatiently. "No one wrote them down, through some inexplicable carelessness. Come out and get this poor fellow some tea, or something of the sort, Mary. He is in my study."

He closed the door between us and our young visitor when I had followed him from the dining-room.

"I did not like to tell you before Frances," he said, "but I never, in all my life, saw a fellow in such a terrible state as Carter is in now. He came to me at first like a lunatic, and now he is behaving more as if he were a woman than a reasonable man. I have had him in floods of tears, like any girl. He thinks, and so do I, that after I got him the glass of water to-day, at the station, he must have either slept or fainted when the train again went on, and that his pocket-book then either

dropped out of his pocket or was stolen from it. He reproaches himself bitterly for what he calls his carelessness; although the truth is that the poor fellow was more dead than alive just then, and was quite incapable of paying attention to anything."

"He is overwrought," I said. "He told me that he did not sleep at all last night."

I made some fresh strong tea, and administered it to my patient in silence before he left. As I could give him no comfort, I thought it better to say nothing.

When Frances and I were alone together again, we went into the drawing-room, and sat there until near midnight. I sent her off to bed then, and waited up alone for John. He did not return home until the early day was dawning, and then he had no good news to tell. There were no tidings of the lost pocket-book. Time went on, and this was still the case. It seemed as though the matter were hopeless, for all searches and inquiries continued to prove fruitless.

Louis went daily, as of old, to the bank, where no one, I am sure, ever threw a glance of suspicion upon him, but elsewhere he was seldom seen in public. He no longer played the organ during the church services, nor did he instruct the choir any more. All these duties were delegated to his assistant. He shrank from notice with painful and morbid sensitiveness, believing himself an object of universal contempt. My husband could not persuade him out of the idea that he was now a dishonored man, in consequence of what had occurred. He declined all entreaties to visit us, and it was a long time before I saw him again after that unhappy night when he had come to us in the first eagerness of his distress. I was much troubled at this, as I felt impressed with a strange and strong conviction that the money would, sooner or later, be traced and restored. In spite of the ever growing improbability that this should happen, as the days and weeks went by, the persuasion was still with me, and I longed to try and impart some of my hopefulness to our poor friend. I also desired to make him aware of my sympathy with him.

Frances and I never talked of this sad affair, but I had quite relinquished my hope of sending her back to the academy stronger and happier than she had left it. I began, indeed, to doubt whether she could ever return to the routine of school

life, and my husband sometimes advised me to write to her friends and recommend that she should be recalled home. She grew more beautiful and ethereal-looking every day, until we felt, at times, as if we had some gentle, wistful denizen of another world on a visit with us. John and I regarded her almost as if she were a child of our own, to be petted and loved and cared for; and she accepted and returned our affection with interest.

I was out alone one evening. On my way home I lingered upon the old bridge. I was leaning against the parapet, looking out at the sea, lit up by the red glow of sunset, when I heard many quick footsteps pass me by, while some one, walking with a slow and heavy tread, paused at my side. I turned round. Six grey monks went up the road in procession, and Louis Carter stood near me, hesitating, as if in some doubt as to whether or not he should delay. His gait was weary, his shoulders were bent, and I saw many silver threads gleaming in his dark hair. I put my two hands within his arm to detain him, uttering an exclamation of pleasure; but when his eyes met mine I started back, alarmed at the wild and desperate expression in them. He looked so utterly hopeless that I shuddered instinctively.

"I understand," he said, bitterly. "Of course you do not wish to be seen with me. I will go on."

"Oh, you must not; indeed, it is not that," I cried, my eyes filling with tears. "I was only sorry to see you so very—sad."

"What should a dishonored man be but sad?" he said, heavily.

"I have been wishing so much to meet you," I exclaimed, "I want to tell you not to despair about this money. I feel sure—I know it will be found."

"Have you heard anything of it then?" he asked, eagerly.

I was obliged to confess that I had not, but I did my best to instil some hopefulness into him concerning the loss. He seemed a little cheered and comforted by the sympathy I displayed in his trouble. He walked along at my side; and the load of care upon his brow really appeared to lighten as we talked. We were drawing near the college, when he inquired with sudden abruptness whether Frances was still with me.

"She is," I answered, laconically. I did not wish to talk of her, but unhappily he did.

"You believe that this money will be found," he said. "If it is, and if my

character is thereby cleared from reproach, do you think I may try and explain matters to Miss Perrin? Is there hope for me with her?"

I could not think there was, but I have many times since regretted that I did not at the moment endeavor to persuade myself and him that all might yet come right. My heart being full of hopelessness, however, I made no reply, but pulled down my veil to hide from my questioner the tears that were streaming from my eyes. A sudden overwhelming sadness had fallen upon me.

"I understand," he said, speaking with a weary, unsteady voice. "I hate this place. I have always felt that some dreadful fate was awaiting me here." With that he turned and left me, giving me no farewell greeting of any kind.

I took Frances to the upper part of the town next day, where we listened to the band playing for a while; but the sun was hot, and she was ailing and confined to the house for nearly two days after this. On the evening of the second day we went out boating. We landed, after our excursion, underneath the old bridge. We saw Louis Carter up above us, leaning upon the wall as I had been doing when I met him, and looking out into the far distance. By the time we had climbed the ascent he had entirely disappeared.

Frances became very ill that evening. The doctor said she was suffering from a low fever, which must have been hanging about her for a long time. She grew worse as the days went by, and she was at times delirious. I was obliged to get a nurse to assist me in caring for her. She was very weak, and as there was much cause for alarm, I wrote to summon Fenella back when she had been three weeks absent.

On the evening before I expected her return I went out for a lonely walk, feeling sadly in need of some refreshing air. I went up the hill by the most unfrequented way, and then turned into a road leading down again to the sea behind the monastery, mentioned before.

A sweet-toned bell began to ring out when I had passed the grounds attached to this great building. I paused a moment to listen, and began to picture to myself the scene within the chapel, such as I imagined it to be when the strangely-dressed worshippers gathered for vespers. A lane ran at right angles with the road upon which I was. One of the grey monks suddenly turned out of this and approached me. I moved to the inner part of the path to allow him room to pass, but, to my very

great amazement, he paused at my side. He was a young man; he wore a long, soft, fair beard, and had gentle, compassionate eyes. I should as soon have expected to hear words from our old church steeple, and yet this stranger was actually addressing me. He spoke in clear and well-modulated tones.

"I take a great liberty in troubling you thus," he began. "I believe, however, that you have a regard for that poor young man who has lost the money. My sympathies have been much awakened on his behalf. I would serve him if I could, but I know not how. Perhaps your husband could look after him. He is certainly not in a fit state to be left to himself. You may not be aware that he spends the greater part of every night now upon the old bridge."

With a low bow this strange new acquaintance of mine went his way, and from that day to this I have never seen him, to recognize him, again.

I hurried home full of renewed anxieties. I was intending to send John off at once in search of our unhappy friend, but when I reached the college I recollect that he was out, and would not be back until very late. He taught a class of young working-men one evening in each week, and this night he was thus employed. I thought then of setting forth myself to call at the house occupied by Louis, but when I went indoors first, to inquire for Frances, I found she was worse, and had been asking for me. I could not leave her. Even had I been free the weather would now have interfered to hinder me from going out again. The sky had suddenly become overcast with clouds; rain had already begun to fall, and the wind was rising. There was every appearance of a coming storm.

I sat by Frances for an hour. She had been very weak and faint, but I hoped she was now sleeping. Her hand lay quietly in mine, and her eyes were closed. I was suddenly undeceived, however. She looked up and said, "I have been thinking of Mr. Carter. Do you believe that he really cares much for me?"

"I know he does," I answered. And then I told her what he had asked me concerning her at our last meeting.

"Is there any news of the lost money yet?" she inquired, feebly.

"There is not," I said, with a heavy sigh.

We were silent for a while, and then she asked me if I would write a note for her. "I don't think I could manage to do

HOW IT HAPPENED.

it for myself, now," she added, looking wistfully at her white, transparent hands.

"You may dictate a dozen letters to me to-morrow, if you will, I replied, with rash impulsiveness, "but to-night you must sleep."

"I cannot rest until this one note is written," she said wearily, and at last I humored her, and got writing materials together. Her short epistle ran as follows:—

"DEAR MR. CARTER,—I am very ill, but when I get better I hope you will come and see me; and I hope also that next year you will send me another valentine, because I did not know that the one you sent this year was intended for me.

"I am very sorry about the money you have lost. I hope it will be found; but I have five hundred pounds of my own, and I want you very much to borrow this from me, until you get back your pocket-book. It will pay half of what you owe to the bank. Yours sincerely,

FRANCES PERRIN."

"Perhaps I ought to say, 'if I get better,'" my poor little patient said, slowly, when I had finished writing.

My voice grew husky as I kissed her, and murmured, "We will leave it as it is."

"Then you think I may send this note?" she whispered.

"Why not?" I replied. I felt as if heaven were about to aid me in my purpose of administering consolation to Louis Carter, when I held this innocent and childish missive in my hand. "This letter will please the receiver much," I added. "John shall take it to him as soon as he returns home."

Now that Frances had her mind relieved for the moment she closed her eyes again, and really fell asleep this time, leaving me free to go down stairs.

When my husband came in he only waited to swallow a cup of tea before he set out on his new errand. He reappeared much sooner than I had expected. He was drenched with rain, and much fatigued, from wrestling with the storm now raging out of doors. His anxious face betrayed at once that he had no good news to tell. I took two letters out of his hand with an inquiring look.

"Read," he said, pointing to one, the envelope of which had been opened. The other cover contained, as I saw, the note I had so lately penned. I drew forth a sheet of paper, and as I did so an enclosure fell upon the ground at my feet. John picked it up, and held before me the

long-lost photograph, which I had so perplexed myself about. I read:—

"DEAR FRIEND,—I am leaving this place forever, and as it is not likely that we shall ever meet again in this world, I write to bid you and Mrs. Grey farewell. The enclosed photograph is for her. I took it off her drawing-room table, some months ago, when I cherished vain hopes of being able to win the original for my wife.

"I constrain myself now to restore this treasure, as I have thought that it was perhaps this small dishonesty which has been the cause of my late affliction—which has brought upon me the imputation of the great crime, of which all must suspect me. The loss of this money has broken my heart.

"Ever yours faithfully, even to death,
LOUIS CARTER."

"This was to have been brought to me to-morrow," my husband said. "Carter left early this evening on foot."

"I am sure we shall never see him alive again," I cried, tearfully. "The loss of the money has destroyed his reason, as well as broken his heart. No man in his senses could imagine it was any sin to have taken this poor little likeness. And then just see how he has ended his letter!"

It was hard and dreary work to parry the gentle inquiries made by Frances concerning the fate of her note. I am sure that she guessed that some new misfortune had occurred, of which she was not to be made aware. Before morning a new and more violent and dangerous access of fever came on than any from which she had yet suffered.

Fenella arrived early next day. I took her into my room, before allowing her to see Frances, in order to warn her against making mention of Louis Carter in the sick chamber.

I was pleased to see the younger girl back again, and she was most caressing and affectionate, and much subdued by her grief and anxiety about her sister. We sat close together, hand in hand, upon a low couch, while I related the history of all that had happened since she left. I concluded that she had not heard of the lost money, as, for many reasons, both Frances and I had studiously avoided mentioning the organist to Fenella in our letters. I therefore began at the beginning of the story, but as I proceeded I saw, by the expression of her face, that I was telling her no news. There was a gleam of

angry enjoyment in her eyes, I fancied, as I dwelt upon the distress and suffering caused by the disappearance of the pocket-book. At last, I was shocked to see a smile of malicious pleasure hovering about her lips.

I dropped her hand suddenly. "Fenella," I cried, with bitter reproach in my voice, "will you never allow me to forgive you for all the trouble you have caused? for all the mischief you have done? Do you know that I believe the loss of this money has resulted in the death of Louis Carter, as good and honorable and kind a man as ever lived; and that it is most probable Frances will also die, when she discovers how matters are now?"

While I was speaking the bright glow of health faded quickly out of Fenella's face. Her features assumed an expression of horror and alarm, such as I had never seen displayed in any countenance before. She shrank away from me, uttering a moan of terrible distress. I knelt down beside her, and spoke more gently, being now full of self-reproach for my harshness. As soon as she could recover herself sufficiently, however, she rose up, and pushed me away from her. She then covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

"Do not touch me," she cried, passionately, shuddering as she spoke. "I can never be happy in all my life again, for I am a murderer. I had his money safe all this time. I only kept it to revenge myself upon him."

It was as she said. When she got into the railway carriage at the junction, the evening she left Redchester, she had almost immediately found a pocket-book at her feet. She opened it, and saw that it contained a good deal of money; but she also perceived, at once, who the owner was; and, on the spot, she resolved to keep her discovery private for a time, so as to punish the organist for what she called his barbarous ill-treatment of her, by letting him think that his property was irretrievably lost. She had, of course, no idea that the notes really belonged to the Redchester bank, nor did she at all suspect their value, for she never gave more than a mere cursory glance at the contents of her prize.

"I thought it would be dishonorable to pry into his secrets," she sobbed forth now.

"I think your conscience must have also warned you that it was neither honorable nor Christian-like to delay, even for

one unnecessary hour, restoring the pocket-book to its owner," I said, sadly.

"It did, it did," she cried, in an agony of remorse. "But I persuaded myself that it was all fair to punish him. I tried to think I was doing everything that was necessary when I brought the thing back, untouched, to you, to return to him."

It would be quite impossible for me to give any just idea of how terribly distressing I found that day.

Frances lay at death's door, and Fenella sat beside her, hour after hour, looking indescribably miserable; while I wandered about from room to room, unable to rest anywhere.

The weather was oppressively hot, and the scorching beams of the July sun were blazing in all directions. Towards evening, however, a light breeze sprang up, and came, wafting refreshment to us, from the west. I went out on the steps to enjoy it, when the twilight shadows were gathering over the half-deserted town.

I was leaning against the doorpost, with my eyes closed, when I felt a hand upon my arm, although I had heard no approaching footstep. I looked up, and saw, at my side, what I took, at first, to be the wraith, or ghost, of my poor friend, Louis Carter. But it was he, himself. He wore no hat, and looked as though he had been fiercely buffeted by the storm of the previous night: his clothes were laden with dust. He stood before me, stooping under the weight of unutterable weariness and depression.

"You see, I could not rest, after all, until I had bidden you farewell in person," he said. "I could not lie down in peace, also, without knowing for certain that Frances had gone before me. Some one had said she was dying, just before I went away from this. Was it true?"

"She is not dead," I said. "She is asleep, and will recover. Come and see her." I held his arm with both my hands, and drew him within the doorway, up the stairs and into my little friend's room. She was not sleeping, as I had fancied. She saw and recognized her lover at once, seeming in no way disconcerted or surprised at his strange and wild appearance.

"You have come at last, then," she said, softly. "I am so glad, and I am sure, now, that the money must soon be found."

"It has been found already," I cried, joyfully.

And thus everything came right in the end, after all; more right, at least, than

could have been expected; for though Frances recovered, and married the man she loved, the Louis Carter who returned to us that evening was never again quite what he had once been. There are afflictions sent to some of us which leave a sting forever, as regards this life. His trial had been of this description.

In this world it is hard to straighten that which has once been made crooked; and Fenella, with all her sincere and bitter repentance, could not restore physical strength and energy to the man she had injured. She has been much sobered and improved by all that has happened, and she has lately married my brother.

Thus neither of the girls became a governess.

From Land and Water.
PIG-STICKING.

To pig-stick, or hunt the wild-boar, armed with a hog-spear or lance, is, I believe, a sport essentially and exclusively belonging to India. The boar is hunted in various other countries, but it is only in India that he is followed without firearms and in true British style. There is just that amount of danger about it that adds salt to the sport, and which, in riding for first spear, brings out the best points in the horse and horseman.

The boar, when domesticated, may look a sluggard; met in his own wild jungle, and disturbed from his lair, early on a "cold weather" morning, is quite a different beast; he is full of fight, and fight he can, either at bay, or charging home. Nothing turns his charge; woe to the careless hunter who has not a ready spear, and a steady hand, for let the beast once get under, or close to your horse's legs, the chances are you will require a new mount; with one upward motion of that solid head, and those cruel tusks, your horse is either lame for life, or ripped right open. The boar, when he charges, is not particular; on one occasion I saw him make right for a horseman, who was not prepared for his foe, and begin to champ his foot; had it not been for timely assistance the damage might have been worse, as it was, the brute left his mark! . . .

The country in which the boar loves to roam is in places very dangerous and treacherous, covered with a tall grass, yclept pig-grass. The holes made by the animal in its rootings cannot be seen until

your horse blunders into one, and over you go, unless your seat is well back and your hands low. The amount of falls is something wonderful to see. Of course this is to be expected, considering the break-neck pace. A good large "solah toepee," or sun-hat (bought in the country at a moderate price), made of pith an inch thick, with its wide-spreading leaf, is a great protection, and has saved many a man's head and collar-bone. An instance occurred of this kind to a friend while pig-sticking. Every one was racing for first blood, when B.'s horse stumbled into a pig-rut, throwing his rider badly; B.— was insensible for a week, but recovered; his planter's "solah toepee," when picked up, though broken to pieces, evidenced how it had saved his life. The boar, if pressed for food, comes close to outlying farms, and commits great depredations amongst the ryots' cultivated fields. They (the ryots) are always glad to give the sahibs news of such arrival, on which a party is made up for hunting. . . .

When once the game is a-foot (the correct manner of accomplishing this is to drive the jungle with a line of elephants), horses are taken well in hand, and the ambition of every one is to get the first spear, or first blood, as it is sometimes called. The honor is as stoutly contested as the brush of Master Reynard is in old England. The boar is a dodgy beast. Away he goes with a grunt, and regulates his pace by that of his pursuer. Should the country admit of full steam being turned on, he does ditto; you go slow, so does piggy; he will do anything but run straight. Now you think you have him right under your spear — a sharp "jink" to one side, or right across your horse, gives your left-hand man, perhaps, an equally disappointing chance! Like every other mounted sport, much depends on the judgment of the rider. Want of that necessary article finds you "shot ahead," and the coveted glory won by another. Men are mounted on every kind of horse, from the Arab, Caboolie, Waler (or Australian), to the Cape horse, stud, Punjaubee, or vicious countrybred, "bought under a tree," well hoccusied with bang or opium, to conceal his native inclination to bite and kick the European. Pity help the unlucky rider should he get pitched from one of the latter, as their first performance is to eat the unfortunate cast horseman! Horses with this little peculiarity have been rightly named "man-eaters."

The Arab or Caboolie are the best mounts for this sport; yet I have seen

Australians, when accustomed to the work — which they soon are — second to none in cleverness in the field, entering heartily into the sport. Like their brethren in stock-riding, in their own native land, their wonderful power of "turning on a six-pence" (as old stock-riders say) is invaluable for this kind of chase. A well-bred Caboolie is also a good little beast. A friend had one, which, when he neared his pig, always tried his best to bite it.

The Bengal spear or lance is held (in action) differently to what it is in Madras. The Bengalee holds it short, by the leaden end, and "jobs" his pig. The haft or shaft being about eight feet, one end is heavily loaded with a big knob of lead, to give the stroke force. It must, however, be borne in mind as very unsportsmanlike to lose your spear. This is difficult to avoid at times, both from the pace you may be going, and the weight of your loaded spear. I have seen spears sent almost through a beast, in which position it was impossible to recover them, and if not put in well behind the shoulders, or in a vital spot, the boar will carry away a good number before he gives in. The Madrassee handle is longer, and is not so heavily shod with lead. The spear is held in that presidency (when sticking) more as a lancer carries it, couched under the right arm. Much depends on the spear-head, which must be of the best steel. The boar has big bones, which would soon damage soft or bad metal. The haft is made of "male bamboo," that which is grown on some ranges in lower Bengal, near Bhagelapore, I think, being considered the best. Not having tried both ways of holding the spear, I am not in a position to say which is the best for real work. The Bengal man swears by his, those of the southern presidency admire their own.

From Truth.
THE "DREADFUL PEOPLE" WHO GO TO COURT.

THERE are two sorts of people whom *levées en masse* offend. There are, firstly, those people who once had the pleasure of imagining that the world consisted of a thin layer of rich cream, below which lay unimportant depths of blue milk, about whose value and destination it did not become the cream to concern itself. We believe that economical dairy-maids, who look to quantity rather than quality; not

only allow milk to stand a greater number of hours than is compatible with obtaining the finest and purest cream, but return once, twice, and even thrice, and get fresh "skimmings" every time from the bowl. It is naturally very offensive to the cream of the cream to be treated in this fashion; and the esoteric circle which used formerly to bask in what we believe it is correct to speak of as the sunshine of the court, have been horrified to find that "anybody" can obtain what was once an exclusive, and therefore inestimable privilege. How can Smythe be expected any longer to enjoy what he suddenly finds can be enjoyed also by Smith? Shelley says, —

True love in this differs from gold and clay,
That to divide is not to take away.

But as there is nothing particularly loving about court privileges, to divide them is to take them away with a vengeance. Hence the real original members of *levées* and drawing-rooms are scandalized beyond expression at "these dreadful people" who now get presented. "Where do they all come from?" is the scornful question with which their arrival is greeted. But the cry is still they come. The second class of persons, who are shocked by this upheaval of the new *couches sociales*, are those humble individuals who are too far removed from courts for it ever to enter their heads that they may some day possibly go there, and who, though they dearly love that there should be a crowned head, and court, and an aristocracy, like to see this last as aristocratic and exclusive as possible. To see its ranks invaded by those only just above themselves, is peculiarly offensive to them. It is the old dislike of the peasant or the mechanic for the *roturier*.

But whilst we can appreciate the feelings of these jealous guardians of the honor of the crown, we have just as little difficulty in entering into the motives of the "dreadful people" by whom these feelings are outraged. They perceive that the one indispensable basis of aristocracy in England in these days is wealth, and that a poor lord is of no more account than a poor commoner. No doubt a rich lord is more important, *ceteris paribus*, than a rich commoner; but again, the rich commoner, if rich enough, may aspire to be transformed into a rich nobleman by mere virtue of his opulence. There is no service which persons, of what used to be called gentle birth, can render either to the crown or to the State which cannot be

rendered by persons not of gentle birth. Aristocracy has now no special duties. It would be wonderful, therefore, if it long retained any special rights. Its members perhaps still enjoy certain undefined social privileges; but as these are no longer paid for, they are in danger of extinction, and will, of a certainty, be extinguished. *Prestige* lasts for a certain time, but it does not endure forever. Something has to be done periodically to renew its lease of life, or it expires; and as aristocracy in England now does nothing which plutocracy cannot and does not do, the two will eventually be completely confounded. There is nothing save *savoir faire*, which can only be inculcated in early youth, to distinguish them even now; and though to some of us this may be a very important and telling distinction, it will not operate effectually with the multitude for any length of time. New rich people, seeing that old rich people are of importance chiefly by reason of their riches, naturally insist upon sharing their importance. The crown is still the fountain of honor, and to be "presented" is to gain at least

a ticket of admission into the outer circles of "society," though you may not be treated with great consideration when you get there, or be assigned a first place. But to be even only just inside the charmed ring is better than to be standing out in the cold and wanting to be inside; moreover, once inside, it only requires vigilance, audacity, and luck to push to the front. Many people lament *levées en masse* as another sign of the advance of democracy; but these are shallow observers. Once there no longer exists a real aristocracy, but in its stead only a plutocracy, the greater the number of plutocrats you satisfy and whose vanity you tickle by treating them as though they were aristocrats, the greater naturally the size of the garrison which defends the social fortress. They may be hired troops; but all troops are hired in these days; feudal service—in other words, real aristocratic service—is extinct. Mr. Disraeli found Conservative voters in Mr. Bright's residuum; similarly, the crown may have found its most courtly defenders in "those dreadful people."

POURING OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS.—The effect of oil in stilling troubled waters has been so long known, remarks *Iron*, that it has been constituted the basis of a proverbial phrase. A very small quantity of oil thus used has frequently overcome a very powerful sea. Not many years ago a case occurred in which a ship's crew was enabled, during a severe storm, to escape on shore by the help of a few gallons of oil. A similar and equally successful employment of the same substance is reported to have been made off the "Cape of Storms" last summer. The "King Cenric," a vessel of fourteen hundred and ninety tons, left Liverpool in June last for Bombay. When off the Cape of Good Hope she encountered a heavy gale from the north-west, which continued for some time. Tremendous seas broke over the ship, bursting in the main hatch, washing away the hatch-houses and boats, smashing in the front of the cabin, and destroying the captain's and officers' stores and clothing,

The gale lasted for nearly five days, and though the vessel stood it very well, it was impossible to repair any of the damage, as the waves were continually sweeping her decks. At length the chief officer suggested the trial of throwing oil upon the water. Two canvas clothes-bags were obtained, and into each two gallons of fine oil were poured, the bags being punctured slightly, and flung one over each quarter in tow of the vessel. The effect was magical; the waves no longer broke over the poop and sides of the ship, but several yards away, where the oil had spread itself over the surface, and around the poop, in the wake of the vessel, was a large circuit of calm water. The crew were thus able to repair the damage with greater ease, and the ship was relieved from the tremendous shocks she had previously received from the heavy seas. The two bags lasted two days, after which—the worst fury of the gale having expended itself—no more oil was used.